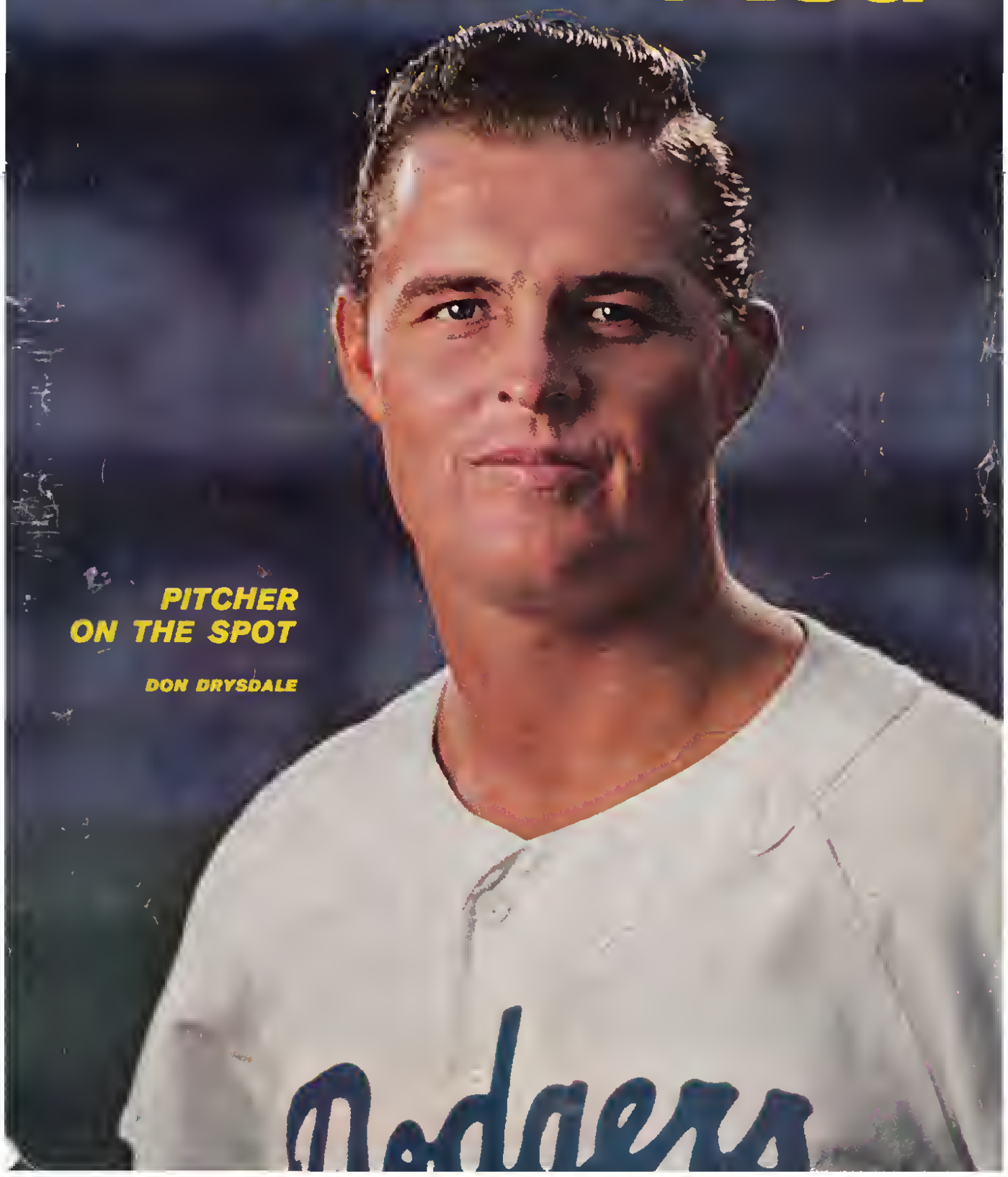
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 20, 1962 25 CENTS

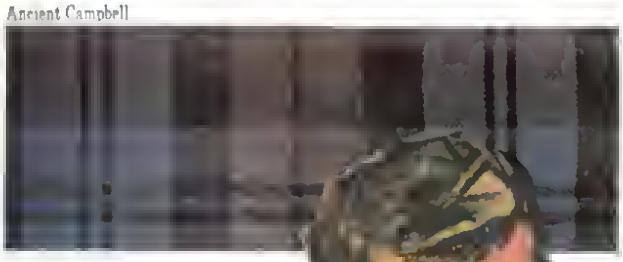


PITCHER ON THE SPOT

DON DRYSDALE

McGregor's Smokey Tartan sport shirt...authentic as a kilt ...in the deep, time-mellowed colorings of the ancient clans. With new, tapered V-V cut, longer shirt tails. Stalwart cotton fabric by Mooresville. $5.95.

Ancient Campbell



Ancient Ferguson



Ancient MacLaren



Ancient Buchanan



Ancient Lochober



Ancient Ramsey



McGREGOR®

Every shirt has the authentic clan identification sewn into the collar.

Also boy-sized, boy-priced. Made in Canada, too, McGregor-Doniger Inc., New York 19, N. Y.

Note These "Memo to Advertisers pages appear only in the copies of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that go to our friends in the advertising business

August 20, 1962

MEMO TO ADVERTISERS

From L. L Callaway Jr.

A couple of the sweetest things happened a few weekends ago in Hershey, Pennsylvenie — and I make no reference to those chocolate bars the town is famous for (without advertising, yet).

Indeed, they don't just make candy there — they make news, too. Including two items which were particularly toothsome to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and to me.

One was the report of an exceptionally incisive speech at the National Editorial Association's convention by my friend, Gail Smith, who is Director of Advertising and Marketing Research of General Motors Corporation.



Gail Smith

The other was the annual Governors' Conference in which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED played a dramatic part (more of that in another Memo).

Gail Smith's talk was sweet to me because it voiced a sentiment I've been trying for some time to get across to the advertising fraternity, to wit, that the setting in which advertising is placed — the atmosphere, the aura, the emotional context of the medium — can have a lot to do with the success of that advertising.

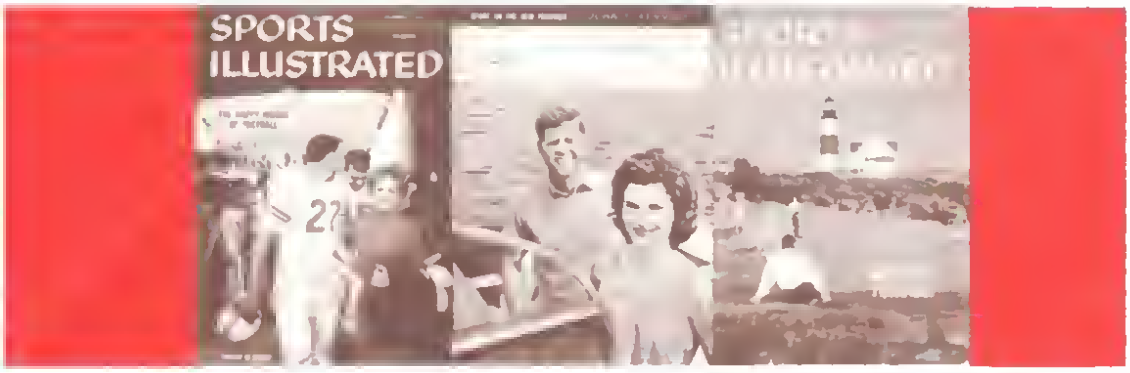
Said Mr. Smith, as reported by the New York Times, "the 'emotional involvement' of the consumer in a medium is the key to an advertisement's success.



"The most skillfully compounded sales message set down in an alien or antagonistic environment will be almost inevitably a casualty.

"Advertising is at the mercy of the climate in which it is carried, and marketing specialists must find out how to measure the degree of emotional involvement of the audience with the medium which carries the advertisement. The moment of truth comes when the marketing executive must forecast the emotional climate in which the ad must stand or fall."

Mr. Smith said it is possible to break down the audience with reasonable exactitude by age, income groups, sex and financial ability, but when it comes to forecasting the emotional climate, the marketing executive must "abandon his beautiful machinery, bid farewell to his stable of Ph.D.'s and strike off alone into an almost statisticless jungle."



Not quite a jungle, in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's case. I think SPORTS ILLUSTRATED — as you see it every week — speaks for itself. Its editorial climate is the climate in which our readers live — they have a definite "emotional involvement" with the active, suburb-centered, sports-oriented lives our pages deal with. They literally read about themselves, their families, and the part of their lives they love the most. They come to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for pleasure, for color, for excitement, for entertainment, for edification and for personal instruction across the whole spectrum of participant sports.

As we've been saying for years: "What a setting for selling!"

(continued on back flap of this insert)



Volume, 17, Number 6

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill., except one issue at year end. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $6.75 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Eastern, E1—E16, Midwest, M1—M8, Western, W1—W12, Southern, S1—S5, Florida, E1—E16, S1—S8, Special, SP1—SP4

15 CURRENT BOOKS MEN ARE READING

for relaxation • for stimulation
for keeping up with world affairs



Which 2 would you like FREE as a Charter Member of MAN'S CHOICE

The new book club for Men



Clear rule: obligation to take only 4 more books within a year, at members

WHETHER you read books to relax or to keep up with the world, you'll enjoy being a member of Man's Choice—the new book club that keeps busy men abreast of the books they like.

From baseball to politics—from trout stream to Wall Street—from the delights of a tropical isle to the exploration of outer space—if a new book spells reading pleasure for men, it is offered to members, at big savings. You can actually specify your favorite kind of reading, too—although you can substitute at any time from a wide choice of alternate selections.

First Two Selections FREE to Charter Members only

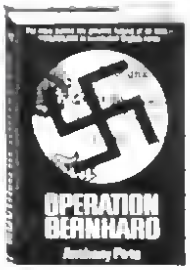
By enrolling as a Charter Member now, you may choose your first two books from this page Free. On every book you buy, you will save *at least 20%*—and often more—off the price of the publisher's edition. After you have bought your first four books, you may choose a Free bonus book for every two additional books you buy. All told, this means you will save close to 50% on your book purchases through the Club.

You do not have to take a book every month. Your only obligation is to buy as few as four Club selections within a year.

Take advantage of this Charter Member offer now. Send no money—just the coupon. If not delighted with your Free books, return them and cancel your membership. But we think you'll agree this is the best reading plan for men ever offered. Man's Choice, the Book Club for Men, Garden City, New York.



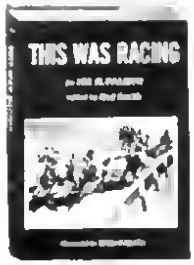
The World of "Wood, Field and Stream"
(114) An outdoors man's collection of entertaining anecdotes by John W. Randolph, 'dean' of outdoors columnists. Illustrated. $3.95 in pub. edition.



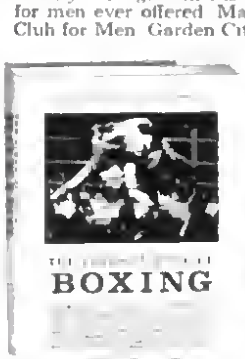
Operation Bernhard
(83) True, bleak and dagger story of World War II the German counterfeiting of over £100 000 000 English bank notes. Illustrated. $5.00 in pub. edition.



Pennant Race
(24) Inside story of the Reds upset win in 1961 told by relief pitcher Jim Brosnan book reader martini sport author of The Long Stretch. $3.95 in publisher's edition.



This Was Racing
(172) All the color and excitement of the Turf brought to life with grace and wit by Joe Palmer, America's best known racing writer. $3.75 pub. edition.



The Fireside Book of Boxing
(171) A big, handsomely illustrated connoisseur's collection of pugilism's great literature and art. $7.95 in publisher's edition.



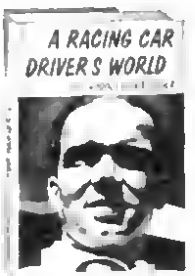
How Much Is That in Dollars?
(108) Art Buchwald's hilarious adventures as an American newspaper columnist in Paris involving politics, tourists, wine and women. $3.95 pub. ed.



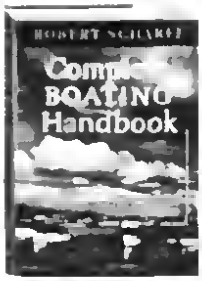
PT 109
(133) The U. S. Navy in World War II the motion picture. The fight of the young [illegible] skipper [illegible] PT boat. $4.95 in pub. ed.



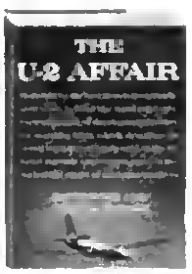
Spy Who Loved Me
(127) Ian Fleming's most [illegible] and exciting fiance. Bond thriller [illegible] the night [illegible] and passion in an isolated motel. $3.95 in publisher's edition.



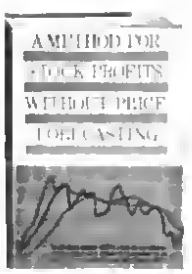
A Racing Car Driver's World
(85) Thrilling autobiography of Rudolf Caracciola, Europe's greatest professional racing car champion. $4.95 in pub. edition.



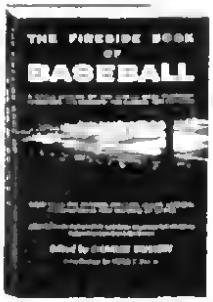
Complete Boating Handbook
(117) How to select, navigate and care for boat and get the greatest enjoyment. Over 150 photos, charts. $5.95 pub. ed.



The U-2 Affair
(88) For the first time, the inside story behind the most explosive espionage case of the century. The affair that may have changed history. $4.95 pub. ed.



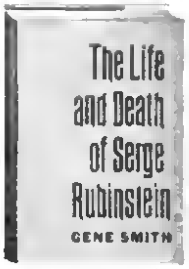
A Method for Stock Profits
(80) How to make money without hot tips. A guide for the man who would rather be a successful investor than a risky speculator. $4.50 in pub. edition.



The Fireside Book of Baseball
(85) More than [illegible] articles, [illegible] of America's great [illegible] by top writers [illegible] Index of [illegible] illustrated. $8.[illegible]



Six Crises
(88) Richard Nixon [illegible] book [illegible] of the [illegible] Caracas, the "kitchen debate" with Khrushchev, his '52 and '60 campaigns. $5.95 pub. ed.



Life and Death of Serge Rubinstein
(132) The fabulous, stormy career of the notorious financial wizard, con man and connoisseur of women. $4.50 in pub. edition.

Mail this coupon . . . send no money

MAN'S CHOICE, Dept. 2-XSN-8
Garden City, New York

I wish to receive free the two books whose numbers I have circled at the right and to enroll as a charter member in the division checked below (with the understanding that I may always select books from *any* division).

Check One Only
☐ Sports ☐ Travel and Adventure
☐ OutDoors ☐ World Affairs

All selections are described in advance in the monthly Club bulletin. I need not take a book every month, but agree to buy at least four selections or alternates (from any division) during the coming year. If I continue after purchasing four, I may choose a free bonus book for each two books I buy thereafter.

Circle any 2

24	114
60	117
65	127
68	132
85	133
86	171
93	172
106	

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GUARANTEE: If not delighted with both books, return them in 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.

(Offer good only in Continental U.S.A.)

1-MC



LIVE A LITTLE IN LUXURY "ORLON"®

ACRYLIC FIBER

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Every man wants a touch of luxury in his life. And in suits it's "Orlon"®. Take these suits, for instance. "Orlon" acrylic fiber adds the luxury of softness and press retention. Long wear, too. And "Orlon" helps to shed wrinkles. Styles? There are plenty in "Orlon". Next suit you buy, live a little. Choose a suit of wool blended with "Orlon". At Hamburgers, Baltimore; Lytton's, Chicago; L. Strauss & Co., Indianapolis and Glendale; HANOVER HALL Boyd's, Philadelphia; The Nebraska, Omaha. Superbly styled and tailored by **A Division of Phoenix Clothes**

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Next week

SEVEN BEAUTIES of tennis —in color photographs—salute the Forest Hills tournament, and Jonathan Rhoades recounts Father Rhoades' hilarious adventures on the court.

PATAGONIA, almost the bottom of the world, is a wild land of snow-topped mountains, hill bandits and so many salmon and trout that fish under five pounds are disregarded.

BASEBALL'S OLD HEROES were half as skilled and twice as interesting as today's dreary players. Stanley Frank takes a grumpy look at what has happened to the national pastime.

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"See, I told you Guest-Dial Phone Service lets you keep in the swim"

Conveniently located portable phones—poolside phones, for instance—are one of the features of new **Guest-Dial Phone Service.** Other features include: **Guest Dialing** to give you the speed and privacy of dialing local calls direct, reaching the Long Distance operator with one spin of the dial. **Message Waiting Service** with a special light on your room phone to announce that a message came while you were out... **Guest Reservation Service** to make and confirm reservations for your next stop by Long Distance or teletypewriter. The Bell System's **Guest-Dial Phone Service** adds value and enjoyment to your trips, meetings and conventions. Look for it at the country's leading hotels and motels.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



IF YOU ADMIRE SHARP ATTIRE

START REBUILDING YOUR SLACK-TIME WARDROBE WITH FAMOUS OSHKOSH QUALITY CASUALS. EASY CARE WASH AND WEAR SLACKS — ALIVE WITH COLOR AND FABRIC CHARACTER. SMART, LEAN DESIGNS . . . FUN-FASHIONED FOR A COMFORTABLE FIT. OSHKOSH CASUAL SLACKS FROM $4.95; SHORTS FROM $3.95; JACKETS FROM $7.95. LOOK FOR OSHKOSH QUALITY CASUALS AT STORES WHERE VALUE IS STILL ADMIRED. ASK FOR OSHKOSH CASUALS.

OSHKOSH B'GOSH, INC. • OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN



OSHKOSH
CASUALS

M1



THE CASE FOR GREAT BOWLERS

1962 Regular ABC Team Champions choose new lightweight Wilson bowling case

Here's the modern bowling case preferred by great bowlers like the Strike 'N' Spare team of Northbrook, Ill. (shown above), winners of the 1962 Regular ABC Team Championship with a score of 3,128.

The new, handsomely styled Wilson bowling case weighs only 50 ounces and is made of virtually unbreakable Cycolon material. Overlapping lid design helps keep contents free from dust and dirt. Spacious interior holds bowling ball, shoes and shirt with room to spare. Wide base prevents tipping over. Exclusive Grip-Tite ball holder hugs the ball in place, prevents rolling and bumping, maintains uniform balance for easy carrying.

Wilson offers this modern bowling case in twelve attractive color combinations. Choose the one you want now at your sporting goods dealer or bowling lanes.





PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co, Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc)

FABULOUS
Allgauer's
AT
VILLA MODERNE
HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS
EDENS EXPRESSWAY
AT LAKE COOK ROAD
•
KNOWN FROM
COAST TO COAST
FOR FABULOUS
FOOD

Frenchy's
GAY & INTIMATE

LEARN at HOME
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GOLF LESSONS
• SHOW THEM ON YOUR HOME MOVIE PROJECTOR
BIG HIT AT CHICAGO GOLF SHOW
with Johnny Revolta
LESSON #1 Woods—Drive. Grip stance and natural swing, analysis of hook and slice. 50' B&W film with 18 pg. book.
LESSON #2 Short irons—approach shots, difficult lies, chipping from rough, blasting from traps 18 pg. book incl. 50' B&W film
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both for $5.50
Ill. Res. Please Add 4% Sales Tax
send check or money order to
SPORTLITE FILMS, INC
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Chicago 6, Ill.

HEAVES DON'T BOTHER ME
When I eat
NEW HOPE
Complete HORSE FEED
This remarkable feed has relieved heaves and allergic conditions in hundreds of horses. In use for 5 years, it is now available from all Wayne and Wirthmore feed dealers. Write for folder.
Allied Mills, Inc.
110 N. Wacker Drive
Chicago 6, Illinois
Wirthmore Feeds Inc.
343 Winter Street
Waltham 54, Mass.



POINT OF FACT

A U.S. Singles Championships quiz to excite the memory and increase the knowledge of fans and armchair experts

? *Have the U.S. Singles Championships always been held at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y.?*

• No. The first men's championship was played in 1881 at The Casino in Newport, R.I., and it was held there for the next 33 years. From 1915 to 1920 the championship was played at Forest Hills and from 1921 to 1923 at the Germantown Cricket Club in Philadelphia. In 1924 it was moved back to Forest Hills and has been played there ever since. The first women's championship was in 1887 at Philadelphia's Cricket Club. The tournament was held there until 1921 when it, too, was moved to Forest Hills.

? *The U.S. Singles Championships (August 29-September 9) will have the largest international field ever to compete. Why?*

• Eddie Eagan's People-to-People Sports Committee, in cooperation with the USLTA and the West Side Tennis Club, has invited 80 foreign players to the tournament and will transport them from Europe to New York by chartered plane. Russia, for the first time, will be represented in the championships

? *The U.S. women's title has been won by only three foreign players. Who were they?*

• The title left the U.S. for the first time in 1930 when Betty Nuthall of England beat Mrs. L. A. Harper of California in a 36-minute final. Anita Lizana of Chile upset Jadwiga Jedrzejowska of Poland in 1937 to become the first South American to win the U.S. title, and in 1959 South American

continued



IF YOU WANT TO BE A SPORT IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA...
...go where you can rub elbows (and bend them) with professional golfers... major league ballplayers... even a matador or two. Be prepared. Somebody may even ask for *your* autograph. On the active side, you're just minutes away from golf... *feet* away from tennis courts and a huge swimming-pool. Go ahead. Enjoy a stay at the fabulous Sheraton-West or the Huntington-Sheraton, sportsmen's paradise in Southern California. Edward J. Crowley, Vice-President and General Manager, The Sheraton-West (formerly the Sheraton Town-House) Stephen W. Royce, President and General Manager, The Huntington-Sheraton.
THE SHERATON-WEST
(Mid-Town Los Angeles)
2961 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. • DU 2-7171
THE HUNTINGTON-SHERATON
(Suburban Los Angeles)
1401 S. Oak Knoll, Pasadena, Calif. • SY 2 0266
S

MISSISSIPPI
GULF COAST
A wonderful world of SUN
There's still plenty of sun—and fun—awaiting you on the Mississippi Gulf Coast. Fishing is great throughout the fall and golf is a year 'round sport. Come to the Coast now!





For more information, write to the Chambers of Commerce of any or all of the *Mississippi Gulf Coast* cities listed below.
HC-SI-3
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____
PASS CHRISTIAN • LONG BEACH • GULFPORT • BILOXI

how long since you drove a car?



Maybe longer than you think. Possibly you've been the victim of chrome plated gadgets for so long you've forgotten. Alfa Romeo drivers will tell you of the thrill of instant response, of the unquestioning obedience to any driving command. An Alfa Romeo is a package of driver, accelerator, brake and engine; of down shifting, up-shifting, tight cornering and maneuvering; of pride, spirit and excitement. Ask your dealer for a trial spin and rediscover the fun of driving. ALFA ROMEO, INC., 231 JOHNSON AVENUE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY. Importer and Distributor in the U. S. for thirty-six states

alfa romeo Write for free booklet Alfa Romeo History Highlights' Going Abroad? Ask about our overseas delivery plan.

What do they have in common?





the uncommon motor oil!

These two people are obviously different in many respects —but they *do* have one thing in common . . they *care* about the motor oil they use. That means they demand the *finest*—and get it—in WOLF'S HEAD. The uncommon quality of WOLF'S HEAD results from the fact it is 100% Pure Pennsylvania, Tri-Ex refined three important *extra* steps for maximum lubricating efficiency, and scientifically fortified to clean as it lubricates. Give *your* car the finest engine protection money can buy—insist on WOLF'S HEAD, "finest of the fine" premium quality motor oils.



WOLF'S HEAD OIL REFINING CO., OIL CITY, PA.

POINT OF FACT *continued*

Maria Bueno of Brazil, trounced England's Christine Truman in the finals.

? *The U.S. men's championship has been won eight times by Australians. Who were the Australian champions and when did they win?*

• Frank Sedgman was the first Australian to win the championship (1951), and he successfully defended his title the following year. Since 1956 Australians have been the sole U.S. titleholders—Ken Rosewall in 1956, Malcolm Anderson in 1957, Ashley Cooper in 1958, Neale Fraser in 1959 and 1960, and Roy Emerson in 1961.

? *Has any other foreign player won the men's title?*

• Yes. Englishmen have taken four championships (Hugh Doherty, 1903 and Fred Perry 1933, 1934 and 1936) and Frenchmen three titles (Rene Lacoste 1926 and 1927 and Henri Cochet 1928).

? *Who was the last American to win the men's singles?*

• Tony Trabert of Cincinnati beat Ken Rosewall 9-7, 6-3, 6-3 to win the title in 1955. Except for Peruvian Alex Olmedo in 1959, Australians have faced each other in the final round every year since 1955.

? *a) What man holds the record for winning the most singles titles? b) What woman?*

• a) Richard D. Sears (1881-1887), William A. Larned (1901-1902, 1907-1911) and Bill Tilden (1920-1925, 1929) have all won the men's championship seven times. b) The women's record is also seven victories—Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory (1915-1916, 1918, 1920-1922, 1926) and Mrs. Helen Wills Moody (1923-1925, 1927-1929, 1931).

? *What was the longest set ever played in a U.S. singles final?*

• In 1949 Ted Schroeder beat fellow Californian Pancho Gonzalez in the first set, 18-16. The previous record had been a 16-14 set won by John Doeg over Frank Shields in 1930. Gonzalez, unlike Shields, was able to come back and take the match and the championship 16-18, 2-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.

? *What player was runner-up the most times in the championships?*

• Little Bill Johnston, playing at the same time as Big Bill Tilden, was runner-up six times (1916, 1920, 1922-1925). Johnston, however, won the men's title in 1915 and 1919.

—NANCY PIERCE

There's still nothing newer than wool . . . for rugged living!

FALL KICK-OFF! Wool calls all the signals on good looks and wear—scores winning points in outerwear. Wool tackles winter by capturing still air in pockets formed by its natural crimp, blocking out cold with its unique anti-freeze. Since wool absorbs moisture, it guards against chills even during the heat of the game. Illustrated: left, double-breasted car coat in diagonal twill pattern with alpaca pile collar, grey and heather, about $50. Right, car coat in brushed wool tweed, grey, heather and olive, about $45. Both in sizes 36 to 46 regular, 38 to 46 long. Fabrics by Dickey. Styled by ROBITSHEK-SCHNEIDER

Nothing outperforms natural wool loomed in America.



For additional information, write American Wool Council (a division of ASPC), Dept. WW-1462, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.



Skirt shown 55% Orlon * acrylic fiber, 45% wool

LIVES, PACKS, GOES/"ORLON": IN THE REVERSIBLE SKIRT

CENTURY OF BOSTON plays the field. With the neatness. The pleatness. The wash-and-wear of "Orlon" acrylic Ravarsa play: You wear this skirt on either side, as shown above. Signal colors, green/red, brown/camel, navy/gray. Sizes 8-16, 7-15 about $18†. For stores nearest you, see listing on facing page.

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT THE FABRICS OR FASHION SHOWN. †SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



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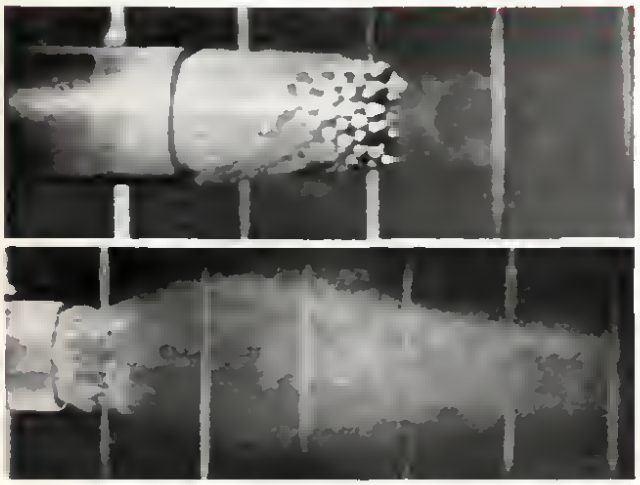
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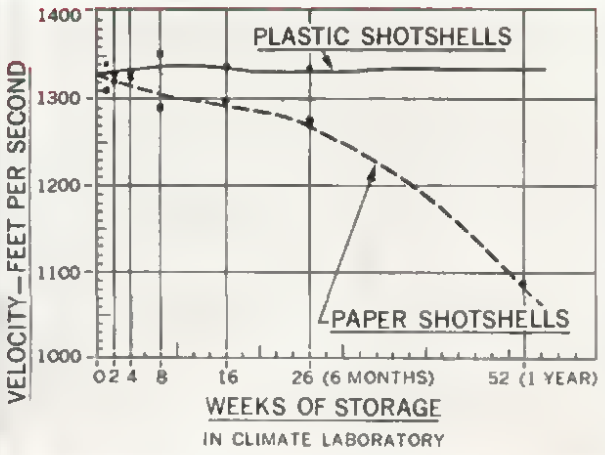
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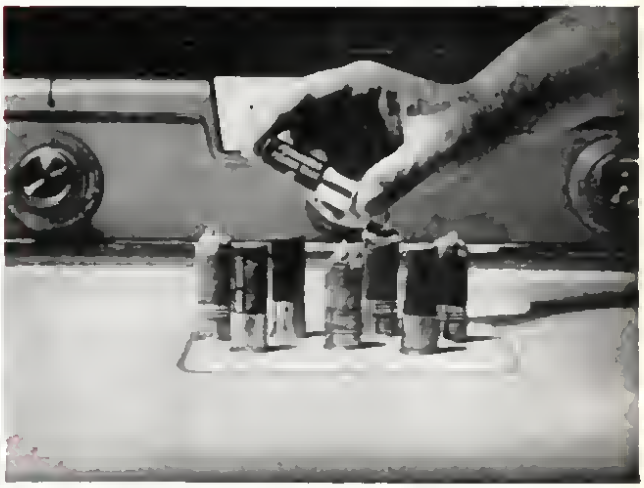
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SCORECARD

SIMON-PURE

Last week we worried about track and field, a sport that is slightly schizophrenic because it has too much money to be amateur and not enough to be professional. This week we turn to college football, which has no such worries since it has plenty of money and is unquestionably amateur.

Two young Texas high school boys, Johnny Agan and Edwin Hall, showed up in Lubbock, Texas last week for a high school all-star football game. They were not well received because, after having signed letters of intent to go to Texas Tech in Lubbock, they reversed their fields and decided instead to go to the University of Oklahoma. Nor were Lubbock and Tech overly delighted to see the lads arrive in Agan's new Buick convertible, direct from Lake Tahoe, where they had spent the summer making as much as $188 a week as jackhammer operators. Both said that accepting Oklahoma football scholarships might possibly have had something to do with their getting the jobs. Their boss, they said, was Art Wood, a former Oklahoma City accountant who once refused for a time to let the NCAA see his books on an Oklahoma booster fund.

The boys were asked why they had changed their minds about going to Texas Tech.

"I didn't want to come to Tech in the first place," said Hall. "They talked me into it and I just changed my mind."

"I just decided I liked Oklahoma better," said Agan.

"I can't understand what all the fuss is about," Hall said. "All we did was change. Is there something wrong with that? We took some jobs at hard labor. Doesn't almost every school help its prospects get summer jobs? If you ask me, I'd say it's been blown up all out of proportion."

THE FUTURE AT 88

About the time he celebrated his 88th birthday recently, Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons walked down his shed row at New York's Belmont Park examining his stock the way a dedicated florist examines his orchids.

"Most of these horses," he said, "are good horses. That one there is Royal Record. Normally I don't run my horses on grass, but lately I've noticed that a good grass horse can pick up quite a bit of money. Royal Record has won three races for me on the grass this year.

"That horse there is Hitting Away, and he don't know it yet but he's going to run on grass, too. I've had a big fight with him over who was going to be the boss, him or me. I'm going to be the boss.

"Another thing I have is 2-year-olds. One of 'em is Henry The Eighth. He's by Bold Ruler out of Flirtatious, and I like him. But most of all I got 2-year-old fillies. Sometimes I don't even know how many I got. Every place I look there's a filly. I got one called No Resisting, one called Medici, one called Fashion Verdict and one called Bold Princess. I guess it's just a matter of throwing a saddle on them and letting them run."

At Saratoga this month Sunny Jim threw a saddle on Bold Princess and she easily won the $29,250 Schuylerville Stakes. He also put Hitting Away on the grass twice at Saratoga and he has won both times. So remember the names of those other orchids: No Resisting, Medici and Fashion Verdict.

ARRIBA MEXICO!

American amateur tennis has sunk to such a low that when the U.S. Davis Cup team lost to Mexico in the American Zone semifinal—the earliest we have ever been eliminated from Davis Cup play—there was no talk of its being an upset. The superior Mexican team won at half speed, so to speak, and it was the U.S that was fired up and almost pulled off a surprise victory. Mexico's star, 23-year-old Rafael Osuna, lost one of his singles matches, almost lost the other and won the doubles with his partner, Antonio Palafox, mostly because of the inept play of the American, Dennis Ralston. America's Chuck McKinley stunned Osuna in straight sets in the opening singles match, and then Jack Douglas played him into exhaustion and almost beat him in a five-set match. Osuna, one of the top amateur players in the world, must regain the touch that was missing in the matches with the U.S. if Mexico is to beat Yugoslavia, Sweden and India and gain the Challenge Round against Australia in December.

If they do get to Australia, the Mexicans could be tough. Osuna plays best on grass, and that's the surface he'll have in Australia. And Palafox has played brilliantly enough on occasion to beat players like Australia's Rod Laver, probably the No. 1 amateur in the world today. "When Palafox is on his game and playing with courage, no one can beat him," says Mexico's captain, Ponch Contreras. "Unfortunately, this does not occur often."

INEXORABLE

The old adage holds that pitching is 75% of baseball. Don't sneer at old adages. The Kansas City Athletics are first in the league in hitting, 10th in pitching—and stand where? Ninth.

THE WISE GUISE

It seemed like such a kindly project when Chicago FM station WCLM got a license from the Federal Communications Commission to operate on two



bands. One hand offered typical FM fare —all music, little news. The other, broadcasting on a special frequency that could be picked up only by special equipment, was to be a continual report of sports news, with a little general news and very little music. The idea, someone said, was to provide sports news "for old folks and shut-ins." And it was arranged for one of the special receivers to be placed in an old folks' home.

continued



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MILES PRODUCTS

Recently, after sporadic raiding of bookie joints, the Chicago police noticed that they had confiscated nine of the special receivers out of a total of only 27 that are known to exist. Moreover, the receivers were getting race results from such distant tracks as Hialeah directly after each race, a convenience that could serve as prophylaxis against the bookie's dread disease—past-posting.

Now the FCC has ordered WCLM to show cause why its license should not be revoked. And if it is revoked, what will become of those poor old shut-in bookies?

Oh, they'll think of something.

THE INDEFINITE HAND

When Stirling Moss crashed last spring it was feared that the British race driver might be permanently paralyzed. He has since made an amazing recovery and looked gratifyingly bronzed and fit recently as he talked to reporters in Nassau in the Bahamas. But the fact that he was not yet driving any car, much less a racing car, and spent the interview Indian hand wrestling with a friend to exercise his left arm, indicated that Moss still had a way to go.

"I banged my head in the crash," he said, "and that's a slow job. I can see my muscles improve but I can't see my head, if you know what I mean. I can see shortcomings. The other day I went water skiing, and though I was able to ski on one leg I only lasted about 60 yards. I used to teach water skiing and do turnarounds. When I lift a cup of coffee with my left hand it's somehow less definite than when I lift it with my right. I still have an island of amnesia lasting from the night before the crash to seven weeks and four days after it.

"When I get back home I'll have my neurologist check me over. If he passes me, I want to go off quietly to test myself in a car. If I can prove to myself that I'm still as good as I was, then I will go on."

FISHING WITH AN ANGLE

Ron Bodey is a cheerful, lanky 22-year-old Coast Guardsman from Everett, Wash., where the king salmon fishing is wonderful. Bodey has been fishing for the big king since he was 5. During a two-month span this summer the size and frequency of his catches made him a celebrated, even nationally known, figure. Since June 3, when he boated a 22-pound king, Bodey has been bringing in phenomenal fish, many weighing more than 30 pounds, seven of more than 40 pounds and one 53½-pound monster.

The Everett *Herald* ran an almost daily "box score" on his catches. He won the Seattle World's Fair salmon derby prize of $100 two weeks in a row. His telephone rang constantly as fishermen begged his secret.

"The secret," Bodey confided to a newspaperman, but off the record, "is in balancing the plug. Most plugs tip to one side when you put them in water. I weight the light side with plastic glue, sand it down and balance it just right. But please don't print that." He said he used a monel line, 25 feet of cuttyhunk, six feet of 58-pound test steel leader and a 16-ounce sinker. But he kept one thing secret: how far from the plug he hung the sinker.

Ron Bodey's secret may never be known now. The other night he was arrested for stealing fish from a packing plant. A company spokesman said fish have been disappearing from the plant for the past month and a half—the period of Bodey's greatest successes.

THEY SAID IT

• Orlando Pena, Athletics' pitcher, after beating Cleveland 5 to 2 in his first American League start: "I don't use a spitter. I just throw a sinking fast ball like Lou Burdette."

• Kansas State Basketball Coach Tex Winter, decrying college recruiting tactics as encouraging game fixes: "If you could check on the boys involved in the basketball scandals you would probably find that they were highly recruited. Once a person is told to cheat, it will be that much easier to cheat the next time."

• End Gordie Smith, just out of the Army, on the rigors of the Minnesota Viking training camp: "The pay is better here but the working conditions are not as good as in the Army."

• Labron Harris, Oklahoma State golf coach: "The best amateur golf in the world is played in the colleges. You let me pick a team of college players and I'll beat the tail off the Walker Cup team."

QUIZ TIME

The New York State Joint Legislative Committee that is investigating boxing because of the death of Benny Paret has come up with an extraordinary questionnaire it wants boxing managers to answer. There are such queries as:

How many fur coats has the manager bought since 1957?

How much silver does he have at home?

Does he have a safe deposit box?

Does his wife have a bank account?

How much money is in his children's bank accounts?

If the managers answer truthfully—and some are muttering about invasion of privacy—the results should make pretty stimulating reading. The legislators better watch out, though. Somebody might suggest the quiz be given to other groups— legislators, for example.

THE INSIDE TRACK

• Clemson Basketball Coach Press Maravich will give up the fine sophomore-junior squad that went to the Atlantic Coast Conference finals last March to take an assistant's job at North Carolina State. Reason: a clause which says that Maravich will be head coach when Everett Case retires after the 1964-65 season.

• Carry Back, scheduled to run in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in France in October, may not be the only American horse in the race. Art Market, trained by Hirsch Jacobs, has been made eligible, and if he shows good form in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City next month—in which he is expected to run—he'll be shipped to Paris.

• Don't expect Stan Musial, currently at the top of the daily listing of the leading hitters in the National League, to win the batting title again this year. The rules say he must have at least 502 appearances at the plate to be eligible for the championship, and to reach that figure Stan would have to abandon his part-time schedule and play every inning of every game from now to the end of the season.

REAL ESTATE NOTE

Most homes near golf courses sell at a premium these days, but Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rutledge, who live in a house right across the street from the Albuquerque Country Club, consider the honor dubious, to say the least. They claim that their house, which they rent, is subject to "constant bombardment" and have filed suit to enjoin club members from knocking golf balls onto their property. Their landlord is suing the club, too. He wants $15,000 for damages to the house and the yard and—oh, the irony of it—for the general devaluation of the property. **END**

THE NATURAL GENTLEMAN



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Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 20, 1962

THE TROUBLED HUNTER

He wents to shoot ducks, but the U.S. Government doesn't give him much of e chance; and friends ere telling him—violently—thet the Government le wrong

by DUNCAN BARNES

There are fewer ducks this year than last, says the U.S. Government.

There are more ducks this year than last, says Ducks Unlimited.

It is amid a difference of opinion just that blunt that Interior Secretary Stewart L. Udall this week will announce the federal regulations for the coming duck-hunting season—regulations certain to provoke cries of protest from hunters everywhere who fear that scenes like the one at right are disappearing forever.

One of the disputants in this shooting war is the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Its surveys show that the duck population is down substantially from last year—and it was pathetic then. (It is on the basis of information gathered by this Government agency that hunting seasons and bag limits are set.)

This isn't so, protests Ducks Unlimited, a civilian, nonprofit organization which has spent $8 million in 24 years to improve—and help save—duck hunting in America. DU conducted its own surveys and found this breeding season to be the best in the past three years. The hunter is afraid the Government is right, hopes DU is right, and above all wishes that the two agencies could agree so that the future of the sport would be clearer. But the agencies don't agree.

The Fish and Wildlife Service conducts waterfowl counts each spring and summer in the potholes and sloughs of the northern U.S. and in the Canadian provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and Manitoba, where up to 80% of the continent's waterfowl population breeds. In 1961 it found that breeding conditions were the worst since the dust storm era of the "dirty '30s," and seasons and bag limits across the country were slashed drastically. As a result, nearly one fourth of the country's duck hunters abandoned the sport, with a consequent loss of $1,300,000 in federal duck stamp sales—money that would have been used for wildfowl conservation.

By the end of this July the Fish and Wildlife Service had completed its 1962 surveys, and was back with still worse news. It told the Interior Department that even in areas where water conditions were good—and indeed the harsh five-year drought seemed to be breaking at last—the number of ducks was the lowest in 11 years, was down an average of 17% from a year ago, and the brood count showed "decreased production." Mallards and pintails, the most heavily hunted species across the country, were off. Redheads and canvasbacks were far below par and would need the protection of a closed season again. Only geese seemed to have held their own on all four of the huge flyways which wildfowl follow on their way south. Thus, hunting seasons might well be sharply reduced again.

Ducks Unlimited does not dispute all the Government's data, but disagrees strongly with the Government's conclusions. Last week in New York City, Executive Consultant Arthur M. Bartley explained that DU's early surveys, like those of the Fish and Wildlife Service, showed fewer breeding pairs on the prairies than last year. "However," said Bartley, "during our July brood count, we found that potholes and sloughs in most of the prairie breeding areas were filled with water. We also found that a phenomenal number of young ducks had been successfully hatched." Bartley added that "the success of this year's first nesting, though unusually late in the breeding season, has been the greatest for all species since 1959."

More specifically, DU found mallard and pintail populations up from last year. In fact, it even found the breeding success of the long-suffering canvasbacks and redheads to be "most encouraging."

The inconsistency between Fish and Wildlife Service surveys and those made by DU is puzzling to the duck hunter, whose only real knowledge about waterfowl populations comes from scattered observations made during the gunning season. A Fish and Wildlife Service representative in Canada, who understandably wishes to remain anonymous, interprets the discrepancy between the two surveys as follows: "The Government finishes its July brood count before DU, too soon to get accurate figures on ducklings hatched late. As a result, federal regulations are based primarily on winter and spring duck counts." Thus the Government's count is conservative—perhaps intentionally so.

A wildlife expert in Washington theorized recently that hunting pressure grew too fast after World War II, and that making things tough for duck hunters is one sure way to prevent future growth. Some sportsmen feel the strict federal regulations reflect pressure by antihunting factions such as the National Audubon



Society, whose president, Carl W. Buchheister, last week urged that all duck hunting be banned this year.

Some Fish and Wildlife people privately suggest DU deliberately inflates the status of the duck population in the hope that bag limits and seasons will be increased and the group's backers will be able to kill more ducks. DU's brood count prognostication is attacked as "too hasty," and the point is made that many immature ducks may not survive predatory animals and other natural hazards.

This year most state game department officials seem to be siding strongly with DU. Some have bluntly condemned the Government's method of establishing seasons and bag limits. They contend that regulations should be more sensitively tailored to each flyway. Last week the states, through their flyway council delegates, presented their recommendations to the Government.

The Atlantic and Pacific flyway councils were particularly unhappy at the possibility of further shooting restrictions. The Atlantic Waterfowl Council claims that in states north of Delaware Bay many migratory birds, including black ducks, scaup and goldeneyes, are drawn from breeding grounds not affected by drought and not carefully surveyed by federal crews. The Pacific Flyway Council offers the same argument, claiming that most ducks using the West Coast migration route breed in Alaska, western Alberta and other areas not generally affected by drought. Consequently John Biggs, director of the Washington Department of Game and chairman of the Pacific Flyway Council, has asked the Government for a 90-day season, 15 days more than last year.

"More ducks have wintered in this flyway in the last five years than at any time in the past," he says. "The Fish and Wildlife Service knows this; they conduct the winter waterfowl inventories here every year." Biggs added that hunters on the West Coast are losing interest in ducks. "You can hardly blame them when the federal regulations are biologically unsound."

The flyway councils concur on another point: that the Government is too concerned with mallards, pintails and teal. They want the Government to try to divert at least some of the hunting pressure to less popular species by easing bag limits on them.

Thus, in a shot-and-shell atmosphere of conflicting claims and shortening tempers, the hunter's future for at least one more season is being settled. Those who can still smile about the ever-stricter regulations may enjoy the suggestion of Theo Cromer, a Fort Worth sporting goods dealer who is considering marketing a black-and-white-striped suit for hunters. "If a man is going to prison for shooting the wrong duck," says harassed hunter Cromer, "he may as well be dressed for the occasion." **END**





HITTING THE KILL BUTTON

Last weekend the quiet town of Watkins Glen, located at the southern tip of Seneca Lake, largest of New York's Finger Lakes, was invaded by a band of leather-jacketed motorcycle riders and their incredible—and also leather-jacketed—dolls. On Saturday night, the night before the 150-mile road race, many of the riders in a holiday mood, their girls perched astraddle behind them, rode restlessly up and down the street past the dining room where 28-year-old Richard Scott Mann, leader in the scramble toward the national motorcycle championship, sat gloomily waiting for his dinner.

Mann was sipping a predinner VO and ginger. His ear was cocked to the noises that sputtered into the room from outside. "Street riders," he said with a grimace, his strong, freckled hand closing a little tighter on his glass.

Mann, who is whippet-thin, red-haired and known, for no special reason, as Little Bugs, was absorbed in the thought of Sunday's challenge and Saturday's ignominy. Those street riders had come rambling to town to see a performance by him and his peers in the seventh of 13 races from which comes the national champion. They knew that he was one of the half-dozen best of the country's 300,000 or so motorcycle riders (including the 1,500 who engage in some kind of competition); that Dick Mann's special art is something like playing concert piano in a wind tunnel, that he was the not-so-Young Turk who might strip from Wisconsin's Carroll Resweber, two years his junior, the national crown Resweber had worn for four consecutive years. Mann was ahead on points. Resweber,



RACER RICHARD MANN, with both hands and both feet doing different chores simultaneously, leans his motorcycle into a sharp turn. Helmeted, bespectacled girl (*left*), holding racing program, was one of the more attractive spectators at Watkins Glen.

Motorcycle road racing is not just riding around. It unites man and machine in a wonderfully complex sequence of conditioned reflexes, involving front and rear wheel brakes, a whole series of shifts and, on occasion, killing the engine at high speed **by KENNETH RUDEEN**

who is even slimmer than Mann but laced with piano-wire muscle, had missed two events due to a broken hand. He stood third but had a determined man's chance to retain his title by the season's end.

The raucous street riders knew something more: like themselves, Little Bugs became a second-class citizen the moment he put on his leathers. Mann stared into his glass. "People look at us and think we're trash—maybe they don't even know why they think so, maybe they've seen street riders raising hell somewhere. They don't know that 95% of the people who ride cycles are decent people. The trouble is that the few bad ones are even worse than people think. I personally never ride on the streets anymore. You might be going along at 20 looking straight ahead and the law stops you. No reason except you're on a bike. Once in Florida, away back in the boondocks where I couldn't have bothered anybody, a cop stopped me with his gun drawn, because he thought I was going to race another rider. I spent a day in jail for that —for nothing."

Mann cut into the steak that was placed before him.

"When I ride just for pleasure," he went on, "I go up in the hills near where I live, across the Bay from San Francisco, and just fool around up there where there aren't any streets or people or police. Why, I can take a bike up some old bald hills that look so steep you wouldn't believe a horse could get up them. In a way, it's like having a neat horse, fun like that. I think almost anybody would like it."

Mann was born in Salt Lake City, the

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THE RUSSIANS HAVE FIXED WORLD CHESS

by BOBBY FISCHER



Soviet athletes are being good sports on a number of fronts lately, as shown by Igor Tar-Ovanesyan's story in this magazine two weeks ago. The same admirable attitude does not apply, however, to one treasured game. Here our national champion tells how the Soviets have arranged title competition so that they can't lose in chess

The international Candidates' Chess Tournament that ended June 28 in Curaçao left me with one conviction. Russian control of chess has reached a point where there can be no honest competition for the world championship. The system set up by the Federation International des Echecs, the governing body of world chess, insures that there will always be a Russian world champion because only a Russian can win the preliminary tournament that determines his challenger. The Russians arranged it that way. As far as I am concerned, they can keep it that way. I will never again play in one of these tournaments.

I've been told that is a hard decision to make, because it means giving up any hope of ever winning the title. The truth is that as long as the present system exists neither I nor anyone else from any Western country can win the title. So the decision *isn't* a hard one to make, but it is hard to explain. The reason why it is hard is that anything I say about Russian dominance of this part of chess or anything that any Western player says is bound to look like an alibi for not having beaten the Russians in the Curaçao tournament. Any loser explaining why we can't win the world championship, or arguing that the setup makes it impossible for us to compete with the Russians on equal terms, seems to be suffering from sour grapes; it's said there is nothing in the Russian control of international chess that a few victories by others wouldn't fix.

Well, I now know better. And if these reasons sound like sour grapes, I hope a statement of the facts will change that impression. I began playing chess 11 years ago, when I was 8 years old. In 1959 I qualified for the Candidates' Tournament, held that year in Yugoslavia. The winner would meet Botvinnik for the world championship. There were eight players in the tournament, four of whom were Russians. I finished in a tie for fifth place, right behind the four Russians. In the three years before the next Candidates' Tournament rolled around, I played against the Russians at every opportunity I was offered. In these interim

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tournaments I defeated all the Russians I had faced in Yugoslavia (and would face again at Curaçao) or I came out ahead of them in tournaments in which we were entered—in Stockholm, for example, where I won the tournament by 2½ points, or in Bled, Yugoslavia, where I beat the four Russian entries, 3½ to ½. That is, I won three and drew one of my four games with the Russians in that tournament.

But between 1959 and 1962 the Russian dominance of the Candidates' Tournament became much more open than it had been before. At Curaçao it was flagrant. There was open collusion between the Russian players. They agreed ahead of time to draw the games they played against each other. Each time they drew they gave each other half a point. The tournament winner, Petrosian, got 5½ points of his 17½ total this way. They consulted during the games. If I was playing a Russian opponent, the other Russians watched my games, and commented on my moves in my hearing. Then they ridiculed my protests to officials. They worked as a team.

The present trouble in international chess goes back to the end of the war. In March 1946 Alexander Alekhine, who had been the world champion, was found dead in Lisbon, and there was no clear-cut procedure for choosing his successor. In the old days, champions themselves decided whom they would play for the title and there was some unfairness about it, because a champion could refuse for years to play a strong challenger. Generally the trouble had something to do with money: if you couldn't put up enough money, you couldn't get a match. It may have been unjust at times, but at least it was logical. Now you can't get a match if you put up money or anything else.

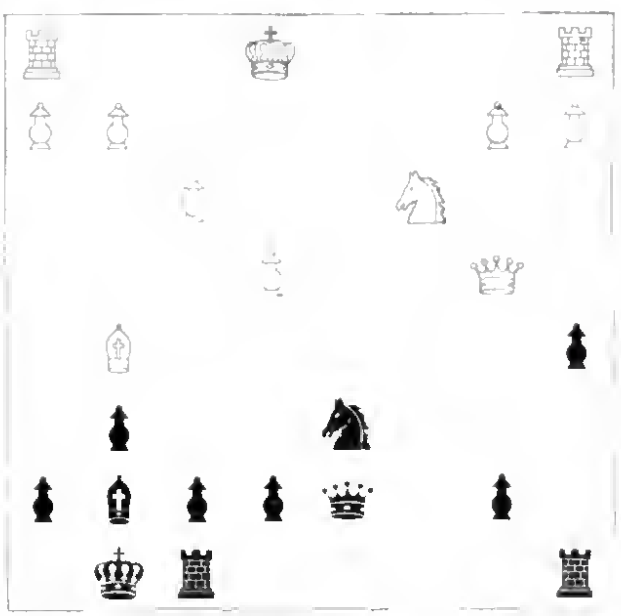
The Russians have substituted propaganda for money as the incentive for holding on to the title, and the system they have worked out makes no sense whatever. I personally would be willing to play a match with Botvinnik at any time, letting him decide the minimum and maximum stakes we would play for, and the time and place. I would go so far as to spot him the advantage of two points in a match of 24 points. It isn't conceit that leads me to say I could come out the victor with ease in such a competition; it is simply that Botvinnik has been world champion too long, his reign perpetuated by the system that selects his opponents, and he is no longer a chess master of championship caliber.

The tournament to pick Alekhine's successor was held in Moscow in 1948. There were five players, three of them Russian. Botvinnik won the tournament and became the new champion, but he did not win by a very big margin—certainly not enough to suggest that he and the other Russians outstripped all other competition thereafter, for all time. Botvinnik's margin would have been even less (possibly even nonexistent), except that another Russian, Paul Keres, lost all his games to him. So right at the start there was a question of whether the Russian numerical superiority in these Candidates' tournaments might not be decisive. But there wasn't so much criticism at first.

By 1953, when I was beginning to play chess seriously, everybody was talking about the unfair way of selecting Botvinnik's opponents. And there were charges that the Russians were rigging international tournaments to keep the world championship in Russian hands. For example, the *Chess Review* wrote about the Candidates' Tournament of 1953: "There has been undeniable collusion by the Russians to freeze out Western competition." The main argument was this: nothing could prevent one of the Russian players' winning the Candidates' Tournament if, at a critical stage, "it became expedient to throw collective support to the Soviet candidate whose prospects had crystallized above those of his fellow Russians." Nothing could prevent it because the Russian team could draw all their games with each other if they were in the lead, or throw their games to the strongest Russian contender if they were threatened by a player from another country. In an editorial *The New York Times* said that the system for picking the challenger for the world championship led "to possible collusion between Soviet players to help one win a tourney, as against a non-Soviet opponent."

That was nine years ago, when I was 10 years old, so I don't think I can be guilty of sour grapes in quoting it. In the intervening years Russian mastery of this system of keeping in the lead has grown more skillful. At Curaçao there were five Russians out of the eight contenders. Mikhail Tal, however, the former world champion, had recently recovered

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PHONY DRAW in recent tournament was agreed on by Russian players Keres (white) and Petrosian (black) with this position after 14 moves. As Fischer points out, black has clearly won, white's king is permanently trapped in the center of the board and his queen wing hopelessly weakened. If white's next move is Q-N3, black answers P-R5 and white's position crumbles. If white tries Q-R3, black can checkmate in five moves.





Golfers with Room for Improvement

Some people say all golfers are nuts, but the golfers shown on these pages are, every one, fine, responsible citizens of southern California—and people in southern California are just as steady as your Uncle Elwood. What if a man does drive golf balls in his living room? What's so strange about giving a sand trap as a housewarming present? Come to think of it, wasn't Uncle Elwood the one who wore shorts to the opera?



TV producer Sy Gomberg (left) drives golf balls into a three-ply plastic backstop in his living room as his wife, a new type of golf widow, finds risky solace in a book. Buick executive Albert (Dev) deVerennes Jr. (above) plays nine paper-cup holes of golf before a rapt gallery of one dog. Some fairways ricochet off walls, some go under tables

CONTINUED







Because swimmers golf, or golfers swim, Mrs. Carl Buck has an 18-hole putting course outside her Beverly Hills home that uses a free-form pool as a wild water hazard.

No housewife should be without her own sand trap. Mrs. Bee Hoffman (left) got one as a housewarming gift, uses plastic golf balls, has cut her handicap from 22 to 16.

At the Los Angeles AC, Ned Weiner (right) spends his lunch hour on the rooftop driving range. Golf balls have been known to slice out of the cage and far down the avenue.



EX-BAD BOY'S BIG YEAR

"On this team, I'm the stopper," said an all-American boy named Donald Scott Drysdale one summery day in 1959. He was facing facts, not bragging. "When the Dodgers drop a couple of games, I pitch. When we want to get off to a good start in a critical series, I pitch. I'm not supposed to lose."

Man and boy, these words pretty much tell the tale of the Dodgers' mule-strong right-hander, and they are truer than ever this year. The Dodgers began the season twice blessed with the finest pitchers in baseball: Drysdale on the right hand, Sandy Koufax, the wizard of outs, on the left. But Koufax, in the midst of his most impressive year (14 wins and 5 losses, 209 strikeouts in 176 innings), has been benched since mid-July by a circulation disorder in his pitching hand. On the spot, 26-year-old Don Drysdale (*see cover*) has had to scrap the notion that he's "not supposed to lose." If the Dodgers are to win the National League pennant, he *cannot* lose. "Let Don get a sore arm between now and September," Manager Walt Alston said sorrowfully a few weeks back, "and I might as well pack my things and head home."

Last week Drysdale's throwing arm was as sound as his $35,000 paycheck (the most ever paid a Dodger pitcher). He has lost only five games this year, and in seven starts since Koufax was pulled out of the lineup, he has lost only one. He won his 21st of the season—and his 11th straight—just the other day. Moreover, two other Dodger starters, Johnny Podres and Stan Williams, have been holding their own, the lineup (pronounced Frank Howard and Tommy Davis) has been hitting, and the San Francisco Giants, the Dodgers' closest league rivals, have been hacking and filling.

Still, it was Don Drysdale who was the star. The man who won only 13 games last year—and had never won more than 17—could contemplate his 25th win by Labor Day, possibly his 30th by Series time. In the crisis he had done even more than was expected of him. It was the first time it ever worked out that way.

The trouble with being Don Drysdale is the trouble with being anyone who is pushed. Because of his size (6 feet 6, 205 pounds), his pitching speed and his undeniable talent, people have been clamoring for a 20-win season ever since he came up to the old Brooklyn Dodgers in 1956. Till now he had never lived up to his press. The headlines that repeatedly asked "Can This Be Big D's Year?" were losing readers over the years, and Drysdale himself was losing sleep over his now-you-see-it-now-you-don't fulfillment. He has reacted to failure in the past by indulging in epic fits of wrath and self-flagellation. When seized with anger, his pitching declined apace, and it became a maxim around the league that if you couldn't beat Drysdale on your own, get him mad and he'd beat himself. But this year that sort of psychology is not working. Maturity and a fine opportunity to be the man of the hour have apparently hit Drysdale together. There were other reasons for his improvement—a new ball park, a modified delivery, a strong offensive team—but Drysdale, having learned to swallow his gorge, had reached a kind of middle-aged serenity. To see him calmly ignoring the home run ball sailing over his head was like seeing Ted Williams tipping his hat for Sears Roebuck. It just didn't happen that way in the old days.

Don Drysdale was born and grew up (and up) in Van Nuys, Calif., a Los Angeles suburb. Females make appreciative noises when observing his creamy good looks and his hair-tonic hairdo, and he is a made-in-Hollywood version of the boy next door. When not pitching, he is polite, relaxed and easygoing to a fare-thee-well, nurses no grudges and finds questions about his fabled temper tiresome in the extreme. "I wish," he has said, "I could be like a milkman and be myself once in a while." As himself, Drysdale is free of extravagant ideas and habits, and his tastes (Mexican food and western music) and pleasures (swimming and the sports page) are run of the mine. His only true interest, it appears, is playing baseball or capitalizing upon his fame in that game by endorsing male toilet articles and accepting bit parts in TV oaters. Well-fixed, you may believe, he lives in a



$50,000 house and pool in Van Nuys with his wife and 3-year-old daughter, and his off-season work as a public relations man for an ice cream plant is well suited to him, since he tends to talk in slogans. "I give 100% when I pitch, and that's all I can give," he may say, or "Baseball has been good to me," or, of course, "I couldn't win without the other eight guys behind me." The overall impression is that Drysdale is just barely three-dimensional, but as any Dodger will tell you, "He's the nicest boy on the club."

If you listen to less partial observers,

Don Drysdale's pitching motion—once described as 'all spikes, elbows and fingernails'—hasn't changed, but his working attitude has. Result: a good shot at 30 wins and a pennant for the Los Angeles Dodgers

by ***HUSTON HORN***



Drysdale is still, however, the nicest pitcher who ever lived. He has a felonious career record of 77 men hit by his pitched balls, and last year he nailed 20—more than any National League pitcher since 1909. Some of the people he has hit are fairly certain the element of chance was lacking, and some umpires go along with the thesis. "The trick is to hit him before he hits you," says Orlando Cepeda, and the lyrical pitcher, Jim Brosnan, has said: "Don's idea of a 'waste' pitch is a strike." Drysdale's sidearm delivery does resemble an enfilading action against plate-crowding right-handers and, though he grants his pitches can be a mite tight, he disavows evil. Unfortunately for him, umpires are always forgetting his beneficence and remembering his temper. In translation, brushback is coming out beanball, and Drysdale, down the years, has been fined 190 beans and was once suspended for five days. Inasmuch as he has lately discovered, as he puts it, that "they don't shoot you for letting a guy hit the ball," he's saving money. His pitches are as tight as ever, but Drysdale has hit only six men this year (including the Giants' able third baseman, Jim Davenport, whose hand he broke last Saturday). Since his disposition is sweeter, there have been no fines or repercussions.

If Drysdale has indeed cast off the yoke of his temper, it has been a long bondage. The first tantrum anyone can remember was a minor eruption when Don was 2. It cannot be found in Spock, but the discipline his father administered at the time was a wet washcloth in the face, and, according to Don's mother, Don and his temper thereupon parted company. For that matter, the whole Drysdale family is united in the beliefs that 1) Don has no temper, and 2) any

continued

reports to the contrary are fabrications of a hostile Los Angeles press corps. This, if nothing else, shows that blood gets mighty thick sometimes.

In 1957, for example, before Los Angeles was in on the act, Drysdale and Milwaukee's Johnny Logan, another perfect gentleman, put together a fine old-fashioned brawl in Brooklyn. Another time (as Don tells it) Drysdale kicked a bag of bats in the privacy of the locker room, hurt his toe and threw bag and bats down the steps. Once, shortly after a home run was hit off him, Drysdale threw the ball into the stands. "It slipped," he says. In 1959 Drysdale publicly threatened to sue the National League for hiring umpires with the cheek to say he threw beanballs. "That's character assassination," a lawyer friend advised him, while a thousand pitchers cheered. Later Drysdale told the hostile Los Angeles writers that he'd like to be traded to Cucamonga (he was in a pet that day over the Coliseum's left-field screen) and they printed it. When asked to comment, Dodger President Walter O'Malley shrugged wearily. "It is traditional with our club that odd behavior is the general rule, not the exception." Such incidents are not displays of temper, says the Drysdale clan, but are merely the hints that betray Don's highly developed "will to win" and "strong competitive spirit." "He plays Santa Claus at the children's hospital, you know."

Don Drysdale has a will to win, no doubt about it, because that virtue, and excellence in baseball generally, have been drilled into him for the past 21 years, principally by his father, Scott Drysdale. Scott was a minor league pitcher in the early '30s, but gave up the professional game in Ponca City, Okla. in 1935 and got a job with the telephone company in Los Angeles, where he still works. "His back was hurting, wind in the Dust Bowl was stinging his eyes and he came down with the measles," says Scott's mother, Mrs. Myrtle Drysdale. "I told him to come on home, and he did. He would have been a great player in the majors." ("Nonsense," says Scott Drysdale, who is a part-time scout for the Dodgers. "My mother is like all the rest, and by that I mean you can never trust them when they start talking about how good their boys are.")

Scott Drysdale also denies that he is "a frustrated father trying to realize myself through my son," and says if he had had his way, Don would have gone to college. Nevertheless, from the day Don could catch and throw (he could at 5), Scott and the boy played backyard ball by the hour. When Scott was at work, Don's mother would catch for her son, a practice she kept up until 1955 when "Don's fast ball became too hot to handle." (Don's mother helped out another way: accused of throwing a spitball last week by Gene Woodling, Drysdale denied it and added, "Anyhow, my mother told me when I was a little boy never to put dirty fingers in my mouth, and I've always lived by that.") For her part, Don's grandmother sometimes spelled him on his paper route so he wouldn't miss a neighborhood game.

Ahead of his time, Scott Drysdale spared his son the misfortunes of Little League Elbow by keeping him on second base until he was a senior in high school. But, once allowed to pitch, Don used his infielder's sidearm motion with such precision that every team in the majors, plus two California universities, bid for him. Don ignored all but the Dodgers, on whose junior team he had been playing, and signed a contract for a $4,000 bonus and a $600 monthly salary in June of 1954. He was 17.

Drysdale spent his first half year at Bakersfield, in the Class C California League, and there won eight games, lost five. The next year Alston elevated him to the Triple A Montreal Royals, and there he lost half of the 22 games he pitched. He had a good reason. In midseason the falling lid of a soft drink cooler broke two bones in his right hand. Rather than miss any games—he was already 10 and 3—he told no one, managed to endure the pain of pitching by half-freezing his hand between innings with a pressure can of an anesthetic refrigerant. His do-it-yourself stab at bone setting not only deformed his fist but temporarily demolished his record—he lost eight of his next nine games. "I was a young dummy," says Drysdale now. No one called Drysdale a dummy when he was brought up to the Dodgers the following spring. He shut out the Braves in a training exhibition, won his first regular season start 6–1 against the Phillies. In two years in Brooklyn he won 22 games and lost 14, and when the team moved to Los Angeles Drysdale was the best pitcher on it.

But for Drysdale, the move was a mixed blessing. He was home again in California, and he was soon to meet and marry Ginger Dubberly, a pretty model who can be seen nowadays tinting her hair and taking showers on TV commercials. But his back was up against the left-field screen (the PR men said it was a fence) in the remodeled Coliseum. For four years that screen, 251 feet from home plate, hunkered on Drysdale's right shoulder like a personal haunt. "A man could hit a ball with his knuckles," says Drysdale, "and ping! Over the fence she went." Drysdale, who possesses the unusual self-command to "never blame anyone for my mistakes and never get mad at anybody except myself," found plenty to fault in the wire contraption. "When I was growing up, the Coliseum was a football field, and it still is," he said at the time, and his record at the end of his first year there was dismal: 12 wins, 13 losses. Trying to accommodate his delivery to the peculiar problem lurking behind him, he pitched one way on the road, another way at home, sometimes felt the onset of panic when he faced opposing batters while his family looked on. "I would make a little mistake and that would be all I could think about," he said the other day. "I would throw, not pitch, and pretty soon I had done another fool thing." When things really got bad, Drysdale would commence to paw the ground, beat up the resin bag, talk too much and disport himself generally. Naturally, while everybody booed, the boys in the press box gleefully wrote it all down and sometimes, carried away, could sell their stories to the front page – banner headlines, pictures, the works. "With me around," says Don, "Eisenhower had trouble getting in the paper at all." Presently, Drysdale was losing more and enjoying it less—17 wins in 1959, 15 in 1960, the dark 13 of 1961. This year when he first drove down to the new Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine he felt like an Israelite on the Red Sea Freeway.

On the theory that it takes more than modern architecture and an even disposition to beat teams like the Giants and the Cincinnati Reds, everybody has his own idea about the new Don Drysdale. Only, with the Dodgers, there seems to be a compulsion to list things. "The single most important change in Don this year," says Lefty Phillips, the scout who signed Drysdale, "is three things." Says

continued



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Pitching Coach Joe Becker: "I'd say there were four reasons why" "Basically, Don is different in these three areas . . ." says Walt Alston. Drysdale himself lists five, "not necessarily in that order." What they're all talking about, in one form or another, are the misty mystiques of pitching techniques and Drysdale's physical condition.

As a full sidearm pitcher, Drysdale's last ball bears in on right-handers as though there was something personal between them, but left-handers can shoot it like pool. In times past, in fact, Drysdale has been so vulnerable against left-handers that unscrupulous managers have been known to take advantage of him. Solly Hemus, for instance, when managing the Cardinals, once loaded his lineup with old-gaffer left-handers, and even called on himself. Five hits, three runs—and one out later, Drysdale was all through. To counter this weakness, Drysdale has learned to deliver his pitches from the three-quarter position midway between sidearm and overhand. "We've been working on that for years," says Becker, "and I think he's finally mastered it. And it's helped his fielding, too; he's no longer off balance to the left after he delivers his pitch. But we had to show him movies of himself before he got the hang of it."

"Well, yeah," says Lefty Phillips, "but Don's also snapping his wrist more this year. And he's got rhythm. That's the word. Rhythm." Sums up Manager Alston: "Drysdale has simply got more stuff than ever before."

In another sense, Drysdale's got less stuff this year. They didn't call him Porky Drysdale in high school for nothing, and if he doesn't watch out they can start calling him that again. Determining that his best pitching in past seasons has been in July, Drysdale checked his medical records, found out his weight was always lowest (205) at that time of year. "The extra weight I had before and after July," he says, "bunched up around my shoulders and my chest. It had the same effect as if I were wearing a tight jacket. The fat bound my arms and hampered my delivery."

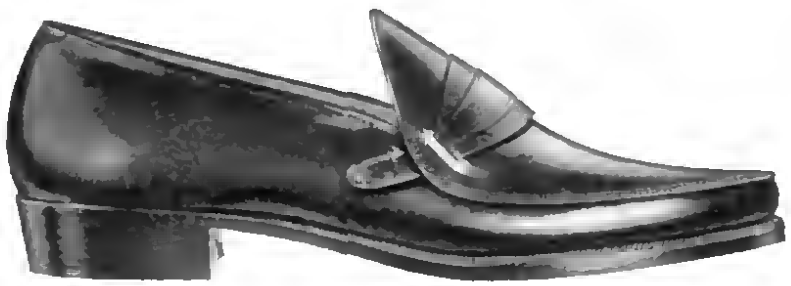
Fat arms, maybe. But what hurt Don Drysdale most of all was thin skin. Says the convalescent Sandy Koufax, probably touching the nerve of the matter: "Who's gonna get mad when they're 21 and five?" END



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BRAVE AND BRAINY BASS

When James A. Henshall wrote his classic *Book of the Black Bass* in 1881 he courted the ire of trout and salmon fishermen alike by describing the bass as "inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims." Any angler who has ever hooked into a largemouth like the one shown at left will agree with his enthusiasm, unbounded as it may seem to be. The qualities that make a fish game, Henshall went on to explain, are "its aptitude to rise to the artificial fly, its readiness to take a natural bait, its exhibition of strength

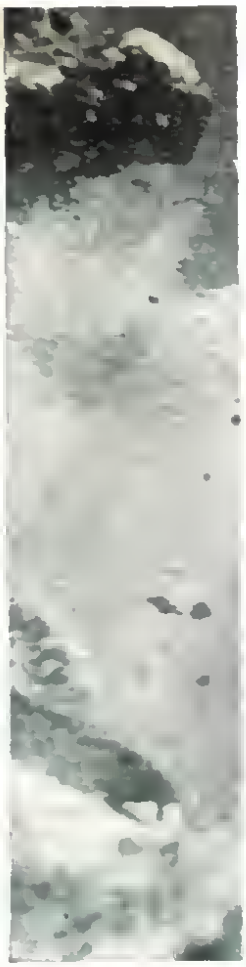
continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELGIN CIAMPI

and cunning . . . in its efforts to break away after being hooked, and its excellence as a food-fish"—and the black bass certainly qualifies on all counts.

What Dr. Henshall did not know, although he may well have suspected it, is that the black bass, and specifically the largemouth, is the intellectual giant of American freshwater fishes. In a research project at the Shedd Aquarium in Chicago last year (*What Makes Them Hit the Lure*, SI, July 24, 1961), psychologist-photographer Elgin Ciampi noted, to the chagrin of many trout fishermen, that the largemouth bass was superior in brainpower to the smallmouth, muskellunge, pike and trout, in that order. Ciampi's findings were so provocative that he decided to continue his research at Florida's Silver Springs, where for six weeks this spring, with aqualung and underwater camera, he probed the behavior of wild bass in their natural habitat.

Ciampi's extensive investigations in Florida not only confirmed earlier indications of the black bass's superior intelligence but revealed a complex and highly organized social structure in which the bass, as an individual in his own particular environment, faces problems not so very dissimilar to those that man must face in his. Whether he is toiling to prepare his nest for the lady of his choice, fighting to protect the progeny he has spawned or struggling to survive in the underwater jungle in which he lives, the actions of the largemouth are bold and determined. When his nest is threatened, he will courageously attack an enemy many times his size. When aroused or angered, he will strike at almost anything, a characteristic that further endears him to the angler. Shown here and on the following pages are Elgin Ciampi's unique and revealing pictures of the ways in which the largemouth bass meets the significant challenges of his life.



Spraying clouds of silt into the water as he fans the sandy bottom with his tail to clear away debris, a male largemouth bass (right) *prepares his nest for the brief and seasonal rites of reproduction. Hovering above him, her body swollen with eggs, a female bass awaits the overtures that will lure her down upon the nest.*



Twisting and turning, a pair of spawning bass swim repeatedly over the nest, the determined pattern of their movements interrupted spasmodically by the convulsive ejection of roe and milt. The brief courtship will end when spawning is completed. Then the female, no longer needed, will be driven away by her mate.





Watchful and belligerent, a male bass hovers close to his newly hatched progeny, keeping guard over the tiny quarter-inch fry that now swarm like gnats above the nest. The male's constant vigilance begins as soon as the eggs are spawned, continues until the hatched fry, one to two weeks old, scatter to shift for themselves.



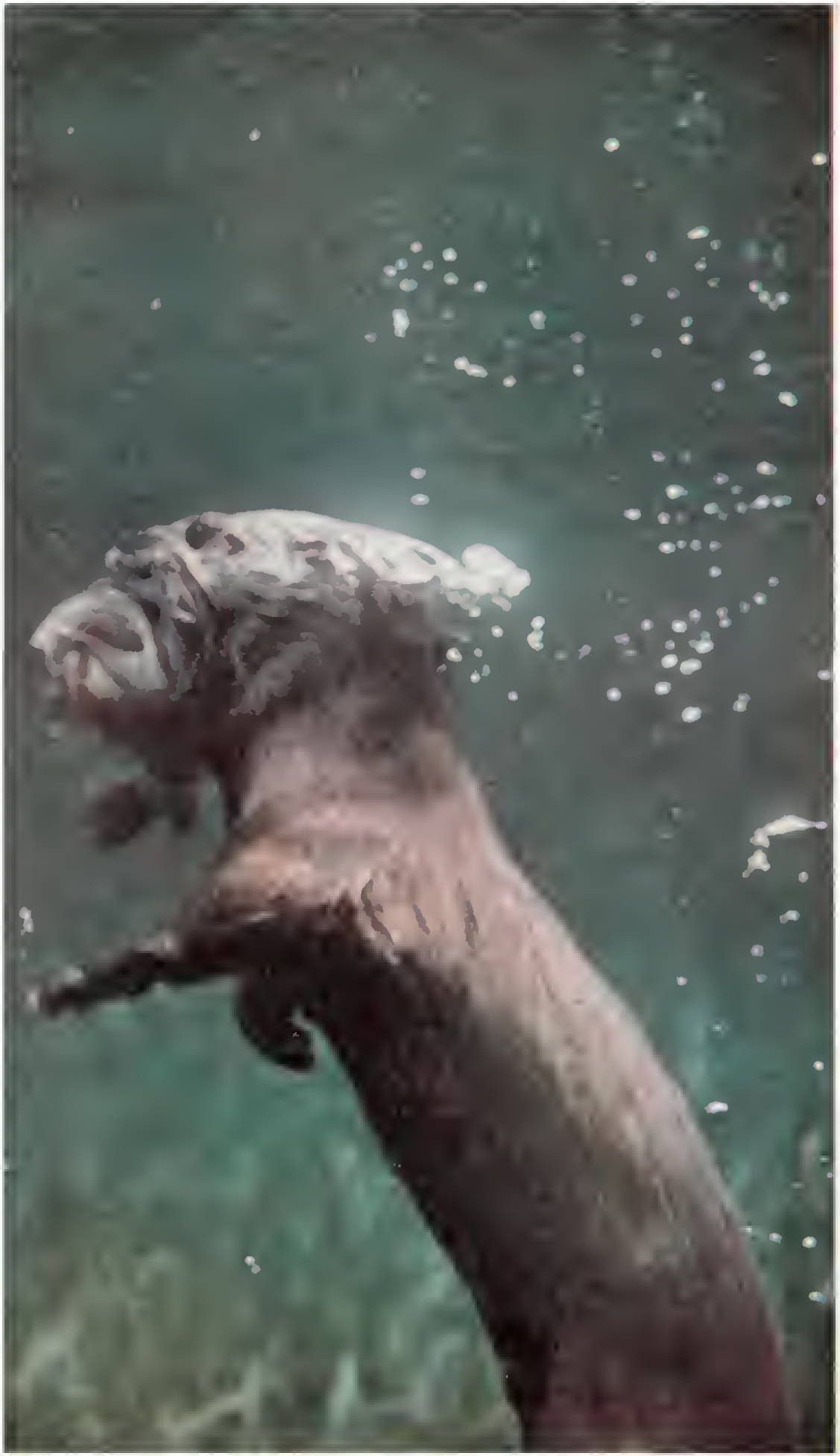
At five weeks, an almost perfectly developed fingerling must fend for himself against a host of predators, including cannibalistic parents, brothers and sisters. His own oversized mouth is already proficient at snapping up the microscopic animal plankton, insect larvae and smaller fish on which he in turn preys.



Darting through the heavy vegetation of his favorite feeding ground, jaws poised to snap open at the moment of contact, a mature bass closes in on a frog. By the time he weighs two pounds, the bass is a voracious feeder with varied tastes. He will bolt down anything from a crayfish to a duckling or young muskrat



In the waters jungle in which he lives, the mature bass is more often the pursuer than the pursued; but at any moment his part in the scheme of things can be abruptly reversed. Surprised by a sudden attack from the rear, a bass swims desperately to escape a quicker-witted and more agile long-bodied otter



In a final effort to escape, the bass, its large mouth agape and its tail thrashing, fights to free himself from the otter's teeth. But the deadly game is already lost. In a moment, the otter will take the bass onto the shore, play with it briefly as a cat does with a mouse and then eat it tail first, bones and all.



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We said, "No."

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THE RACING LADY OF CHICAGO

Her pace is furious and her manner brusque, but Marjorie Lindheimer Everett is bringing new vitality to her sport in the Midwest. She has spent millions to see that her patrons get the best, and now she offers the richest race of them all

by ***WHITNEY TOWER***

The richest horse race in the world will be run at that newly plush and certainly pleasing Chicago track, Arlington Park, on September 8. It is a seven-furlong dash for 2-year-olds known as the Arlington-Washington Futurity; its gross purse will be about $350,000 and it is merely one of the achievements of a youthful, imperious, chocolate-soda-eating woman who has turned Chicago racing into a kind of seven-furlong dash of her own. Her name is Marjorie Lindheimer Everett, and if her $350,000 sprint is one of the biggest developments in horse racing, so is she.

Marjorie Everett is the only woman in America who owns and operates race-

THE BOSS OF ARLINGTON PARK VIEWS THE INTERIOR OF HER LUXURIOUS ESTABLISHMENT FROM THE TRACK'S CLASSIC CLUB



tracks and around Chicago you will sometimes hear it said that one is plenty. She heads Chicago Thoroughbred Enterprises, Inc., a company that owns three tracks: Arlington Park, Washington Park and Balmoral. Mrs. Everett owns 70%, of the company's 300,000 shares, so from the moment in 1960 that she took over most of the holdings of her late father, B. F. Lindheimer, there has been no question about who is boss. Not that the question would ever have arisen in her mind, certainly, for she is singularly free of self-doubt. It is this very trait that has enabled her to achieve her considerable accomplishments for Chicago racing.



Chicago is an island of Thoroughbred sport between the glamour of California and the functional commercialism of some major eastern plants. In Mrs. Everett's eyes it is an island of some potential —like, say, Manhattan. Since 1960 she has gone to her "partner" (which is how she refers to the First National Bank of Chicago) and borrowed $7.5 million to gamble on the future of Midwest racing.

"For years our tracks could be considered country tracks, not for lack of conveniences but because they were inaccessible," she says. "It used to take an hour and a quarter from the Loop to Arlington and an hour to Washington. With new toll roads the driving time has been cut to 35 minutes and 25 minutes respectively. Because of this—and because of what we have done at our plants —we believe the Chicago tracks have more chance to increase business than any others in the country."

Those Chicagoans who have seen Mrs. Everett's plants this year know where the $7.5 million has gone. Excellent accommodations, a Lindheimer trademark long before Aqueduct was even on the drawing boards, have been expanded to the point where today's grandstand customer is as well off as most clubhouse patrons at other tracks. Both Arlington and Washington are air-conditioned by a reverse blower system that also provides heating in cold weather, and their Classic Club and Derby Room provide track-facing dining facilities for more than 1,500 at a time.

Two and a half million dollars has gone into Washington, which, with its ugly, top-heavy superstructure, has always looked more like an about-to-be-sunk Japanese World War II battleship than a grandstand. The Everett empire is getting into a new business there. This fall, for 42 nights (September 3–October 20) it will rent to a new group known as the Washington Park Trotting Association, which will bring major trotting to Chicago for the first time.

Nor has Balmoral been forgotten. Although racing hasn't been conducted there since 1954 (when it was called Lincoln Fields), Chicago Thoroughbred Enterprises intends to use the one-mile track as a year-round training center. It is Mrs. Everett's plan that Balmoral will house several stallions as an impetus for Illinois' growing breeding business (in 1957, 37 stallions, 360 mares; in 1961, 238 stallions, 1,654 mares).

Most people admire busy Mrs. Everett, though some prefer to do this from a distance, and many also regard her with the sort of nervousness James Thurber exploited in his drawings and prose sketches of ferocious ladies. Mrs. Everett takes naturally to the catbird seat.

Her appearance is certainly disarming enough. Forty-one years old, she is brunette and has blue-green eyes. She is tall (5 feet 9 inches) and has the build of a sportswoman. She doesn't drink or smoke, but she does worry about her weight—140 pounds. With a slight lisp she says: "I find I've got a bad habit of eating things like sodas and candy to get rid of nervous energy." Some of the 1,500 people who work for her in her $35 million business suggest that she gets rid of the energy not by chewing on chocolates but by chewing out the help. Ex-employees, of whom there are a lot, criticize her furtively, somewhat like fugitive slaves. "For a few years," said a Chicago writer, "paddock judges flew through Arlington faster than a field of horses." To that, Mrs. Everett might answer, "So what!"

"A person at fault should be made to feel that he did wrong—and should be made aware of it *now*, not called in and lectured tomorrow," she explains.

One of her Arlington directors has said diplomatically, "If Marje Everett has one chief fault, it is a willingness *not* to listen to other people's advice." Another detractor said, less diplomatically: "Her needs are simple. All she wants out of life is her own way about everything."

Mrs. Everett is aware that she has her critics. "I'm not out to win a popularity contest," she says—one of her rare understatements. When she feels she is right (and that is most of the time) she believes it would be cowardly to care what other people think of her.

Mrs. Everett was educated to independence of spirit by her father. She was adopted by Benjamin Lindheimer when she was only 10 months old. She knows nothing about her real parents—knows only that her birthplace was Albany, N.Y. She was the third adopted child of the Lindheimer family; the others were her sister Pat, 20 months older than herself, and brother



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DUPONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Walter, age 9 at the time she joined the family.

Her father, B.F., was already a successful Chicago politician and real estate operator when she was an infant, and as she grew older she molded herself in his image. By temperament she was his heir apparent, and when he died in June 1960, she inherited something that interested her vitally—a share of the tracks. Within months she bought controlling interest.

She speaks of her father with affectionate admiration. "He gave a great deal of time to his kids," she said recently. "I loved his company more than anything else, from the earliest time I can remember. He loved sports and I loved them, too. I never liked going out on dates. When my sister was going out I preferred to go to the track with Dad."

There wasn't much closeness between me and the rest of my family. As a matter of fact, this relative business is overrated. I believe in the old saying about being able to choose your friends but not your relatives. At any rate, I soon discovered that I preferred being with older friends of Dad's to making small talk with friends my own age."

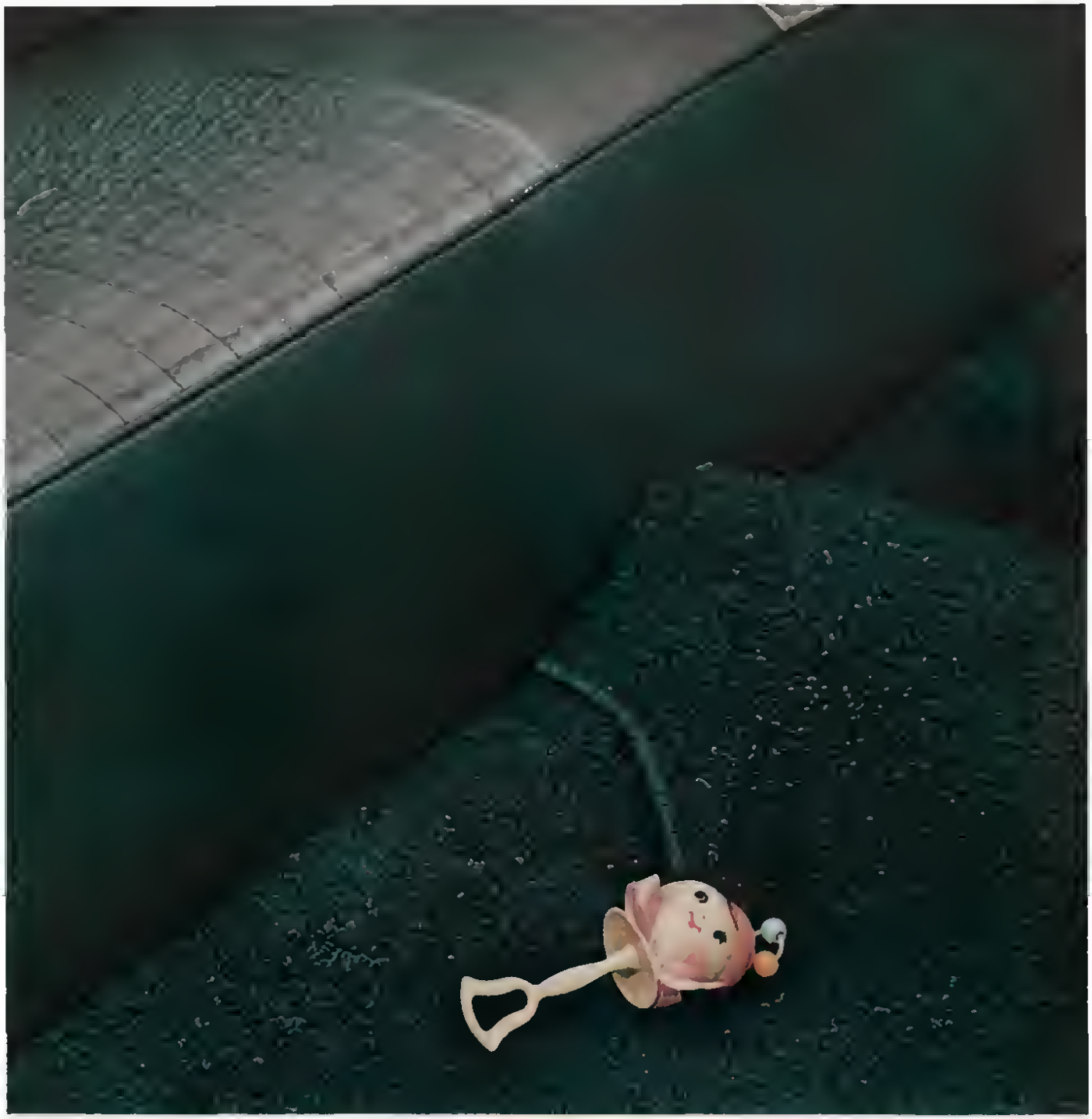
She was only 7 or 8 when her father first took her to Arlington Park, and the track has been important in her life ever since. In 1939 she left Northwestern, where she had lasted as a coed for a mere two months, and soon thereafter went to work at Arlington. "I suppose I had the best of it, being the boss's daughter, but because of that I tried to work that much harder," she says.

"I started by doing a lot of menial jobs, including operating the switchboard. Then I began taking on more and more responsibility—under Dad's supervision, of course. He made me his personal observer and pretty soon he had me going around the country trying to solicit horses for our meetings. I enjoyed every part of it, and the politics that went along with it. I always loved politics anyway. Dad taught me how to deal with people."

Deal she does, as she dashes through her day. By 7:30 a.m. the executive phones are crackling at Arlington Park. Between cups of coffee she issues her commands:

"Send our van to O'Hare field to pick up a horse flying in from California. I've fixed it up with United Air Lines to use

Continued



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GOODYEAR

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their unloading lift, but be sure they have it there in time. I want no slipups.

"There are chunks of tar coming off the road by Mr. Hooper's barn. I want that road repaved by 4 this afternoon.

"Tell the crew at Washington Park I'll be there in an hour with my architect and I want to consult with the track superintendent and the chief electrician.

"The Lieutenant Governor and his party are coming out and I'll meet them in the Director's Lounge at 1:30. Got it? O.K., and you can reach me at Washington Park from 9 to 11."

Her tracks are responsive to her telephonic system of command, all of them have dozens of phones at special locations so that she can issue instructions as fast as they occur to her.

Mrs. Everett not only works at Arlington, she lives there in a luxurious house attached to one end of the old saddling shed, with a glass-enclosed porch looking out on the paddock and clubhouse. Near by is a five-room cottage where she stables her guests. She has been married for five years to 65-year-old Webb Everett, a highly respected racing official, who serves as a sort of prince regent, chief consultant and member of the board. The Everetts employ three full-time cooks, so strenuously do they entertain, and it is as a hostess in her home that Mrs. Everett displays a genuine and generous warmth that is carefully concealed when she is behind her executive desk. On a typical evening at home she may have as guests visiting owners, perhaps a trainer, a jockey or two, members of the Illinois Racing Board. Sometimes she even invites members of the press, with whom she is not on uniformly cordial terms. This is part of the Lindheimer tradition. She recalls with brooding satisfaction: "My dad once called up a publisher and asked that a certain reporter never be assigned to our tracks. He hasn't been back."

The softer side of Mrs. Everett has an eloquent witness in William Hal Bishop, the country's leading trainer in number of wins.

"You surely got to respect her," he said recently. "She'll spend more money than any living person to make things nice for backstretch help. She's given them a trailer park to live in, recreational facilities, movies, a swimming pool, a playground and even a church. From a trainer's point of view—and an owner's

continued



The End (For looks, comfort, and wear.)

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—she has never failed to give the horsemen more than she has to."

Such is the way of the world, however, that most racing people find Mrs. Everett more interesting as a figure of controversy. In 1960 she withdrew her tracks from the Thoroughbred Racing Associations. Her reasons were these:

"My father worked a long time in the interests of the TRA, but in the years before he died he, and some other track owners, felt very strongly that the TRA should be separated from the TRPB." This latter is the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, headed by Spencer Drayton, a former FBI man. The Lindheimer group believed that the TRA should be run by a highly salaried racing administrator, one with influence in Washington and other high places. They believed that the policing function should be left to the TRPB.

"When Drayton was put in charge of the TRA, while still running the TRPB, I felt it was time to get out," she says, and she hasn't changed her mind.

"The TRPB says they keep gangster elements out of tracks," says Mrs. Everett. "Well, they don't." She tells of once pointing out a big Chicago bookmaker to TRPB men who had overlooked him in her own Post and Paddock Club. She now has her own track police. This costs her $100,000 a year more than it used to, but is claimed to be more effective. "It better be!" says Mrs. Everett. "We've thrown out dozens of undesirables," she adds, "including a bookmaking relative of mine who is racing right now in New Jersey."

In all ways, Marje Everett is her father's daughter, and believes herself destined to realize some of his dreams. "Making money on a business investment is only one part of it with me," she said in a reflective moment the other day. "This is true even though every single cent I inherited or could borrow has gone into these Chicago tracks. The other part of it, and something that is on my mind every day of the year, is what is racing's future? How can we make it a better sport; give it more taste, more dignity; make it less commercial, and more fun?"

And then she reached for the phone, with the air of a woman about to give an order. It was sure to be a firmly stated order, and the odds are it would be one that would help Chicago racing. END

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To a blare of brass, University of Wisconsin students Cal Andringa and Pete Van Lare present the season's most popular new coats for campus and stadium wear: a hooded melton-cloth pea coat and a new version of a World War II convoy duffle coat.

SPORTING LOOK

Marching Back to School

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G ZIMMERMAN

The two students at right, pictured amid the reverberating oompahs of the University of Wisconsin marching band, are wearing coats that demonstrate the strong military character of this year's clothes for college men. Both the modern civilian versions of a U.S. Navy pea jacket and a British seaman's convoy duffle are made to withstand a rigorous fall and winter on campus with the kind of efficiency the quartermaster demands of military gear. Look-alikes of these coats, made by many manufacturers and at various prices, will be found in college shops everywhere. Some enterprising students may even find real G.I. pea jackets or duffle coats stashed away and long forgotten by an older brother or a father. However, those old-grad relatives probably will themselves seek out these 1962 models, for they are among the season's most useful contributions to a comfortable Saturday afternoon in a stadium. Other aspects of the military influence on campus—olive-drab and navy-blue suits, regimental stripes and brass buttons—are shown in photographs on the following pages.

CONTINUED



Military-minded college clothes for fall are dramatized by guidons in the colors of Big Ten schools. The cardigans worn by Cal Andringa and his Wisconsin classmate George Wolfe are knit in stripes taken from the Sutherland Highlanders and Royal Scots regiments. Chino pants, cinched in with a rifle-sling belt are another military legacy.





The new dress uniform on campus is the three-piece suit: 75% of all suits sold in college shops this fall will come with vests. The odds are that they will also be in standard military hues—either the olive drab that Pete Van Lare wears or the navy-blue worn by Bob Kaplan. Ties in regimental stripes complete the uniform.



A brass-buttoned blazer is probably the single most useful garment a college man can have. The new look in college blazers is the double-breasted model, worn here by Dick Fleming, who draws cheers from Sandy Styles and the rest of the red-and-white-striped Wisconsin squad.

Sporting Look *continued*

Along with the military influence, there is a renewed and very pleasant respect for spit and polish on the campus. Dirty bucks have given way to polished leather shoes—either classic Norwegian slip-ons or military bluchers. Ragged and faded jeans have been replaced by pressed gray flannel slacks or well-laundered chinos. Where a sport jacket used to pass for any occasion short of a formal dance, the three-piece suit is now a surprisingly hot item for dressed-up affairs. The blazer, with its brass buttons and military neatness, is as familiar a part of the college man's outfit as button-down shirts.

The wardrobe of the college freshman usually includes the following basic necessities: two suits, one of them flannel, one cheviot tweed; one tweed sport jacket; one blazer; one pair of flannel slacks; one pair of corduroys; two or three pairs of chinos; one pair of blue jeans; one pair of walking shorts; one tan raincoat, preferably with a removable zip lining; one stadium coat; one ski-type jacket or, in warmer areas, a golf-type jacket; one dress topcoat (probably a tweed); two sweaters (a Shetland crew and a cardigan); sweatshirts; both dress and crew socks; button-down shirts (oxford and madras are favorites); black knit, repp and foulard ties; one leather belt and an elastic sports belt; sneakers, moccasins and blucher oxfords. The tab for all of this new would add up to $600—enough for the quartermaster to clothe about four marines.

—Fred R. Smith

WHERE TO BUY: Page 49 Navy-blue pea coat of 26-ounce wool melton by Mighty-Mac ($85), Abercrombie & Fitch, New York Chicago, San Francisco. Tan duffle coat by R F D. of wool melton ($40), Filene's, Boston; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Meyers, Lexington, Ky. Gloves by Gates-Mills ($11). Page 50 British regimental striped cardigans of wool knit by McGregor ($18), L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis, John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. M-1 rifle sling belt of leather by Canterbury ($6) Page 51 Linett worsted-flannel suits ($75), Boyd-Richardson, St. Louis, Dayton's, Minneapolis; De Pinna, New York; Lewis and Thos Saltz, Washington, D.C.; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia. Oxford-cloth shirts by Gant ($6), regimental ties by Reis ($2.50). Page 52 Double-breasted blazer of navy-blue flannel by Southwick ($75), Robert Kirk, San Francisco, Paul Stuart, New York.

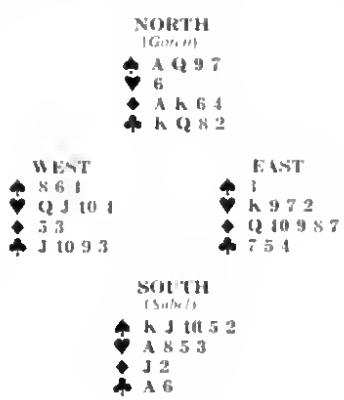
Success was not in the cards

The author's team lost the big event at the Summer Nationals after he broke a rib and his favorite partner had a spider sit down beside her

The Summer National Championship is always a huge and hectic affair, with its many major titles at stake, its field of 3,000 and its nerve-straining 12 consecutive days of competition that leave players as limp as a year-old deck of cards. But by the time the competition for the biggest of all the titles, The Masters Knockout Team event for the Spingold Trophy, ended in Minneapolis last week, I had good reason to feel this had been the weirdest Nationals in years. My partner was made ill by a spider bite, I fell in a bathtub and broke a rib, and my team still had the Spingold all but won until a grand slam was set by an improbable 5-and-1 trump break.

The first days of the Spingold competition were filled with upsets as other top-seeded teams seemed to get beat as fast as they sat down at a table.

But my team, Helen Sobel, Howard Schenken, Peter Leventritt, Bill Root, John Gerber and I, had matters all our own way. It takes two losses to knock a team out of the Spingold, and we were still undefeated with only two matches to go. The first was against a team of Edwin Kantar, Marshall Miles, Ivar Stakgold and Leonard Harmon. It was here we had one of two slam hands that could have turned the results around:



I opened the North hand with one diamond, and Helen responded one spade. I might, I suppose, have made a jump shift rebid of three clubs, but since Helen's one-spade response could have been somewhat stretched, I satisfied myself with a mild underbid—a jump raise of three spades. Helen then bid four clubs, showing the ace, and I bid five clubs. At this point Helen could well have bid five hearts, showing her ace. But she elected to bid six spades. Later we learned she was running a high fever as a reaction to her spider bite, and this, added to the exhausting pressure of the tournament, made her decision quite understandable. In the other room our opponents used a convention which got them to seven spades.

NORTH (Stakgold)	EAST (Schenken)	SOUTH (Harmon)	WEST (Leventritt)
1 ♠	PASS	1 ♦	PASS
4 ♦	PASS	4 N.T.	PASS
5 ♥	PASS	5 N.T.	PASS
6 ♥	PASS	7 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: queen of hearts

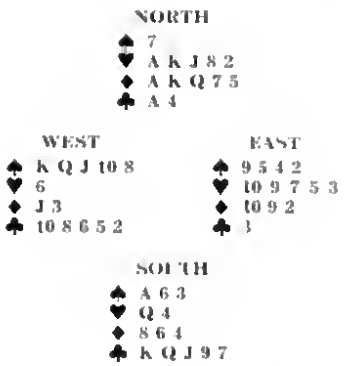
If it seems odd that Harmon bid a grand slam in a broken suit which his partner had never raised, the answer lies in the highly artificial four-diamond bid, called the Ingberman Fragment, which was to prove a fragmentation bomb to our title hopes. Rarely seen, it works like this. A double jump in a new suit (it must be the third suit bid) confirms four-card support for partner's suit, announces strength although not necessarily four-card length in the third suit, and positively guarantees no more than a singleton in the fourth suit.

Harmon had no difficulty making all 13 tricks, trumping two hearts in dummy and discarding his remaining low heart on dummy's queen of clubs.

This was by no means the only crucial hand of the match, but it was more than enough to account for our first defeat—by 6 International Match Points—and throw the Spingold into a three-way tie among teams that had all lost once. The third team was led by G. Robert Nail.

A 36-deal round-robin playoff at the end of so much competition is a fearsome strain. One had only to look at the unbuttoned shirt collars, the rolled-up sleeves, the full ashtrays and empty stares of the competitors to appreciate this. Any player who had taken part in every previous session of the championship had already played the awesome total of 636 deals. Now there were 72 more to go. And I was on the sidelines as a result of my rib fracture.

There were, again, perhaps any of two dozen hands or more that might have changed the final result, but the most dramatic was another disastrous grand slam, again against the Kantar team. This time our team bid it and was set.



The enemy bid the big hands thus:

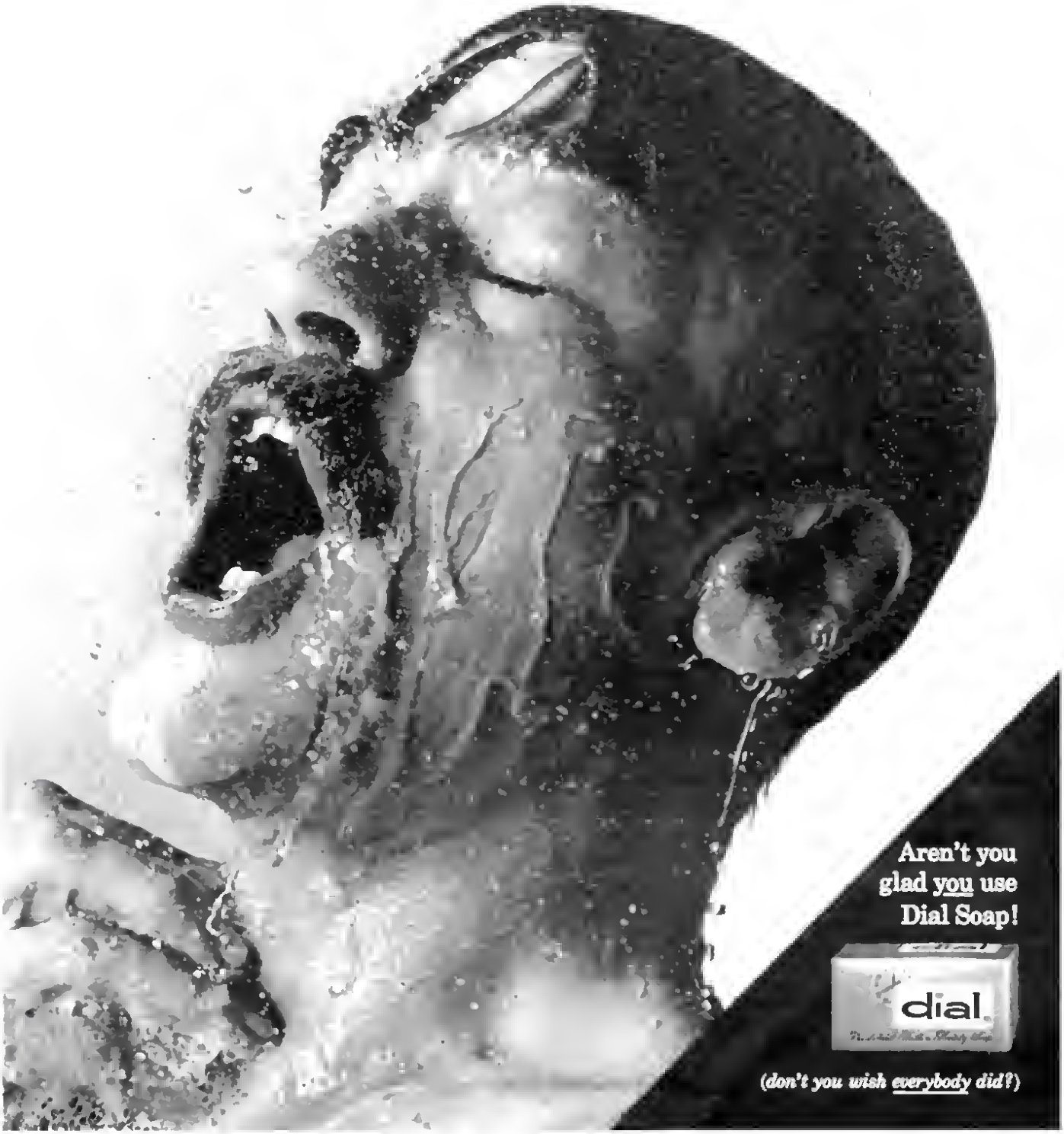
SOUTH (Stakgold)	WEST (Schenken)	NORTH (Harmon)	EAST (Leventritt)
1 N.T.	2 ♠	3 ♣	PASS
3 N.T.	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
5 ♣	PASS	6 N.T.	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: king of spades

continued

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My teammates bid it better, but did not fare as well:

SOUTH (*Root*)	WEST (*Kantar*)	NORTH (*Gerber*)	EAST (*Miles*)
1 ♣	1 ♠	3 ♥	PASS
4 ♣	PASS	4 ♦	PASS
4 ♥	PASS	4 N.T.	PASS
5 ♦	PASS	5 N.T.	PASS
6 ♦	PASS	7 ♣	PASS
PASS	PASS		

You will notice that Gerber, inventor of the four-club ace-asking system, also uses the Blackwood convention, just as Easley Blackwood occasionally employs a Gerber bid. Neither North player could positively locate the queen of hearts in partner's hand. Harmon, with no assurance his partner had a long club suit, had to settle for a small slam in no trump. Gerber, knowing his partner had a good five-card club suit because of the club rebid, bravely and rightly went the route. The odds were certainly in favor of making all the tricks. But the fates had a different ending in mind. West held five trumps to the 10. It was impossible to avoid a trump loser, and we were doomed. In fact, when Root won the ace of spades and properly played two rounds of trumps, it left him with two spade losers and no way to get rid of them before West could gain the lead. We were down three and, instead of gaining 10 IMPs on this deal, we lost 16.

We beat the Kantar team anyway. But the round robin ended in a three-way tie, each team winning one match when Nail's team beat us and Kantar defeated them. That necessitated deciding the title by the percentage of points scored by each team compared to the points scored against it. On this basis the Kantar team won, Nail was second, we finished third.

Our third-place finish is not without its benefits, however. Members of the first two teams in the Spingold automatically qualify for the International Trials in Phoenix, where the team to play in the 1963 world championship will be selected. Since Schenken, Leventritt, Helen Sobel and I had already qualified, and Gerber had been appointed the team's nonplaying captain, we did not need the qualifying spots. Now the members of both Kantar's and Nail's teams will be in Phoenix, helping to insure that the U.S. has the strongest possible squad when it takes on Italy and other foreign champions for the world title next June. **END**


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Challenge from the outside lanes

The AAU meet saw records fall, champions win, and also offered a peek at a future Olympic threat



MEMBERS OF JAPAN'S NEW SWIMMING TEAM ROOT FOR THEIR MEN AND STUDY OURS

The usual poolful of world records (five) was broken at the Men's National Outdoor AAU Swimming Championships last weekend, but by the meet's final event late Sunday afternoon two more significant developments had begun to cause a stir.

First, youth no longer was being served. Instead of the unending cluster of fresh faces that swimming usually sends to its victory stand, defending champions held on to their prestige by finishing first or second in nine of the 12 individual events. Second, it was impossible to ignore the presence of a determined bunch of young foreigners in the outside lanes.

The outside lanes are assigned to swimmers whose qualifying times are not quite as fast as the leading three or four finalists. In race after race at Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio these lanes were occupied by swimmers from Japan. They are members of a 15-man team that has come to the U.S. for three weeks of races, and they are part of a grand four-year plan by the designing and energetic Japanese.

Traditionally a strong aquatic nation, Japan has seen its swimming prestige sag considerably in recent years. When the 1964 Olympics were awarded to Tokyo, Japanese officials decided they would never fare well at track and field, but they just might jolt the world—and especially the U.S.—in swimming.

As a setting they are building a futuristic, $6 million stadium in Tokyo. It will hold two 50-meter racing pools, one diving well and 15,000 people.

Money is being spent to construct a team to match the stadium. Last month the Japan Swimming Federation spent some $20,000 to pay for a 13-member American team to fly to Osaka for the Japanese national championships. Three other American teams have similarly been guests of Japan since 1960, and two full teams of at least 15 men will go over next August at Japanese expense.

"We like to bring the Americans to Japan," explains Hiroshi Negami, silver-haired secretary of their swimming federation. "We hope the strong competition they provide will help us improve enough to defeat them in 1964."

The building of the new team has been primarily entrusted to 30 volunteer coaches. "At one time Japan had almost 700 separate clubs and groups," says 33-year-old Shiro Hashizume, coach of the squad now in the U.S. "We decided after the 1960 Olympics (where Japan failed to win a single swimming title) that we must organize into one unit. We divided Japan into districts. Coaches travel to all parts of Japan and gather reports on swimmers. We hold an evaluation meeting once a month in Tokyo, where a card file is kept on each swimmer. It records the age, height, weight, personality, habits, training methods and reactions in competition."

As swimmers move up through high school and college all their data is passed on from coach to coach. A total of 400 junior high and 400 high school swimmers are ranked every six months, along with 200 from the colleges and 150 postgrads. "Of these 1,150," explains Coach Hashizume, "150 form a tentative Olympic squad."

The Japanese team found last week that it is still several strokes behind the first-line American stars, however. They saw Indiana University's 5-foot 6-inch Tom Stock thrash away to set two world backstroke records, while his versatile teammate, Ted Stickles, set another in the 400-meter individual medley. Philadelphia's Carl Robie broke his own world 200-meter butterfly mark by overcoming a two-meter deficit in the first half of that race. Don Schollander became the only American to break into the world record listings in a freestyle event by tying the 200-meter mark. There was old trouble from another continent, too, as Australia's blond Olympic champion, Murray Rose, ended rumors of his retirement at age 23 by crushing the field in tactically magnificent 400- and 1,500-meter freestyle races in the rough pool.

No one realized better than Coach Hashizume that his team had a way to go. But his boys had qualified already for those outside lanes, and, he said with a smile, "we have 800 days before the Olympics." **END**


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Drawing by Francis Golden

There are times for caution in match play

Ideally in match play you should compete against the course and not your opponent, but there are many times when you must check your opponent's position, and the percentages, before proceeding. Quite likely this will keep you from doing something foolish. My only match-play loss of 1961 was due, mainly, to a stubborn disregard of percentages. In the first round of last year's Colonial Amateur Invitational in Memphis I was leading Bobby Greenwood of North Texas State 1 up with three holes to play. On the 520-yard 16th I had driven into the left rough, but he then put his second shot into a trap up near the green. I thought, aha, I'll just knock the ball onto the green with a one-iron, win the hole and be 2 up with two holes to play. To do so I had to hit a 220-yard shot out of the rough and over two traps that guarded the left side of this very firm green. The smart play would have been to hit a three-iron safely (*dotted line*) to the front of the green and chip from there for my birdie. I certainly would have had a much better chance of getting down in 2 from there than my opponent did from the trap. But I smashed away with the one-iron just the same (*solid line*) and wound up burying the ball under the lip of the first trap. I was lucky to get a 5, but still lost the hole to Greenwood's birdie. As a result, when I won the 17th it merely put me 1 up again instead of closing out the match 2 and 1. When Greenwood cagied the 18th and birdied the first extra hole I was beaten. The golfing moral is clear: when your opponent is in trouble and you've got a lead with only a couple of holes to play, don't get greedy. You may go hungry instead.

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Dayton Tires

KILL BUTTON

continued from page 17

son of a working cowboy. As a youngster he was taken to Las Vegas and then to Richmond, Calif. He now lives at neighboring El Sobrante. He began riding motorcycles because he was too puny to be considered for the team sports in school. As a teen-ager he raced in minor events at nearby tracks. By 1955 he was rated an "expert," the top category of the American Motorcycle Association, and he has been among the top 10 in the national rankings since 1957, once placing second to Resweber.

"Not too many people can tell you why they race," he said. "The financial rewards are not exactly great. In an exceptional year the very best rider could earn, say, $12,000 from racing alone. Most riders have second jobs. Winters I'm a mechanic in a cycle shop. Your social position is not what you could call great, either. You do it because you do it, that's all. Joe Leonard is the greatest rider we've ever had. He is a fine auto racing driver. He finds an owner and does real well racing midgets and then just quits and comes back to riding. I know how he feels."

Mann, whose only severe injury has been a shattered knee, said he believes that motorcycle racing is not as dangerous as car racing, although riders are killed once in awhile (Bob Webster, of Toronto, died in a three-cycle smashup at Watkins). In any case, the thrill of a dangerous pursuit is evidently not the secret of his passion.

"It's a complex proposition," he said. "There's more to riding than just sitting down and going around and around. Forgetting the mechanical side of it — steering geometry, proper gear ratios, carburetion, tire pressure and so on — just consider what you do in a road race like the one here. O.K., you're going along at the Glen at 120 mph with your chin down against the gas tank to cheat the wind and you come to the chicane — a hard right, a left and a right. You don't think about what you're going to do, there isn't time. If you have to think, you're too slow.

"Your right-hand grip is the throttle and in front of it is the front-brake lever. In front of the left grip is the clutch lever. Your right foot is on the gearshift pedal — under it, I should say — and your left foot is on the rear-brake pedal. Here comes the chicane. You sit up into the wind to help slow the bike and you hit the front and rear brakes simultaneously. You shift down from fourth gear to third. You do this by squeezing the clutch lever, rolling the throttle—revving it—with your right thumb while still holding the front-wheel brake on and lifting the gear lever with your right boot toe. As you complete this, you slack pressure on the rear brake just a little so the rear wheel won't break loose as it takes hold in the lower gear. But you still have the front brake on hard. An instant later you repeat all this, shifting down to second, and then to low. Just before you get into low you start leaning into the turn. You don't steer the bike except a little bit; mostly you just lean. In the turn you start getting back on the throttle, opening up and backing off as you go through the rest of the chicane.

"Coming out of it, you want to go flat out. You throttle up to 7,000 rpms in first gear. When you shifted down, you toed up on the shift pedal. Shifting up, you kick the pedal down a notch at a time. At 7,000 rpms, the maximum I've set for myself here, you push what we call the "kill" button with the left hand and momentarily kill the engine. Without using the clutch, you simultaneously kick down into second, then rev up again, kick into third and finally into high. We use the kill button to save a fraction of a second while shifting gears. Shutting off for that little time lets you shift without using the clutch and yet not damaging the gears. No, sir, you are not just riding around.

"My bike is an English Matchless. It weighs just under 300 pounds, has a displacement of 30½ cubic inches in one cylinder, with a single overhead camshaft. Resweber rides the hottest Harley-Davidson in the country. They're the only make produced in the States, and in our championship racing they're allowed 45 cubic inches displacement because of their less efficient side-valve arrangement. Watch Resweber."



COMPETITORS Mann *(left)* and Resweber discuss tactics. Although Mann leads Resweber by only one point in this year's rankings, Resweber has taken the championship the last four years.

But it was Resweber who had to watch Mann's tailpipe for 23 of those 66 laps as Mann sprinted away at the start. Then, sadly, his motor died not for a split second but for keeps, and in the end Resweber won like the champion he is. With only one lap to go, he put his violent little bike into the lead and slammed across the finish line a few seconds ahead of his closest pursuer. Although Mann received no points, he held his advantage in the championship chase—by a single point over Carroll Resweber. **END**

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from a kidney operation, became ill during the tournament and withdrew to enter a hospital, having no part in the general Soviet team effort thereafter. The other four Russians swam in the afternoons, dressed, came to the start of the games in the chess room at the Hotel Intercontinental dawdled at the chessboards for half an hour or so, made a few quick moves, traded off as many pieces as possible and then offered a draw. "*Nyet*?" one would ask. "*Nyet*," his opponent would reply. They would sign their scorecards, go through the formality of turning them in to the officials and then have dinner or change their clothes and go back to the pool. We played four games a week. Two other days were given over to finishing adjourned games. I played on every day set aside for tournaments. In effect, I was playing a regular schedule of six days a week. But when the Russians drew with each other, they drew early, before the time of adjournment. They thus played only four days a week. In the weeks when all four Russians happened to be playing each other, and drew all their games, they really played only two days that week.

Geller and Petrosian drew their first game in 21 moves. They met again in the 10th round. That game lasted 18 moves. Their next game went only 16 moves. In their last meeting they drew in 18 moves.

Keres and Petrosian drew in 17 moves the first time they played each other, 21 moves the second, 22 moves the third and 14 moves the last time they met. In this last game they overdid it, and while they drew, Petrosian clearly would have won if they had gone on.

As shown on page 19, white's king is permanently trapped in the center of the board. White's queen wing is hopelessly weakened. As a matter of fact, black wins in a few moves. But when black had certainly won, and another move or so would make it obvious, they drew.

Or take Geller and Keres. They drew their first game in 27 moves, their next in 17, the third in 22 and the last game in 15 moves.

The record of Victor Korchnoi, the fourth member of the Soviet team, is more complex. In the first half of the tournament he, too, drew every game he played with the other Russians. At the midpoint of the tournament there was a five-day rest period, we all went to

the island of St. Martin. The four Russians were almost tied in points for first place, and the talk was that when they came back to start the second half, one of the four was certain to begin losing to the others. Whatever happened in the Russians' consultations at St. Martin, Korchnoi's game certainly collapsed abruptly afterwards. He lost three games in quick succession, first to Geller, then to Petrosian and then to Keres. Then, in the last time around, he drew quickly with Geller, drew with Keres and lost again to Petrosian. Anyone could draw his own conclusions from this sequence of events but, in any event, it revealed the advantage the Russian team had over Western individual players.

The noisy kibitzers

Sometimes, after their quick draws with each other, the Russians wouldn't go back to the swimming pool. They would openly analyze my game while I was still playing it. It is strictly against the rules for a player to discuss a game in progress, or even to speak with another player during a game—or, for that matter, with anyone. I studied Russian enough to be able to read their chess books, and I could easily understand what they were saying. They would say this move is good, or that move is good —in Russian, of course. My Russian isn't the greatest but, believe me, they weren't talking about the weather. If I was playing against a Russian, and one of these debates was going on right in front of us, my opponent might get up and join the discussion after he had made his move. Even if the advice they gave each other was bad—and too many chess cooks can spoil a game—it was annoying. It made me mad that they thought they could get away with it. I protested to the officials. I learned that they could get away with it. I complained a few more times, but their lead had increased to the point where they were unworried, and they then gradually stopped doing it.

Somebody asked me, "What did you learn at the tournament?" I said, "I learned not to play in any more of them." It is a waste of time for any Western player. The present arrangement for selecting a challenger for the championship is bad for chess, bad for the players taking part in it and bad for any real standard of the world championship. The general public long ago lost interest in any title gained in this fashion. Maybe chess players are losing interest in it also. I have, permanently. **END**

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The Outer Islands: Miracles and Prophecies

Reflections on a wayward passage through Hawaii's neighbor islands, including encounters with benign and secret toads, beguiled antelopes, neurotic goats, a laughing girl, a peremptory Chinese, many 'pipipi' and a steamed mullet in a Japanese bakery

by Gilbert Rogin

The wayside is so often more profitable than the destination. In the ordinary litter of rain ditch and gutter, the familiar miles of shoulder are hints of life, gleams of death; indeed, miracles and prophecies. Regard, in this instance, the bobbing carcass of a crab borne along by ants, a mongoose glancing back, the remains of a myna bird pressed into the pavement like a fossil. This is the appeal of journals. What are they, after all, but a reflective commentary on the wayside?

Journals generally are composed at night, but not all nights. Not, for example, at a piano bar in Kailua on the island of Hawaii, drinking stingers, fatally colored like the sea, with Patricia and listening to the falsetto songs of a boy sitting on the piano bench playing his guitar. This is the best Hawaiian music. The worst is what seeps into hotel elevators. It has the consistency of soggy sweet rolls. I also heard his compelling music at a luau given by the Robinson plantation workers on the island of Kauai. We sat at long tables under a tent by the faintly fetid shore. Portuguese poachers boasted about goats in remote valleys, and a blind Hawaiian who said he once weighed 459 pounds hoarded bottles of Primo beer before him, caressing the brown glass, only consenting to withdraw a hand to shake and consider another's. In the dark yard children swung resolutely on swings and dogs went about, tails between their legs. After dinner there was singing and a lot of random grinning. Hawaiians are powerful, exorbitant grinners.

At times, when considering the wayward notes of my Hawaiian journey, I feel as though I am leafing through an album containing snapshots and jocular captions in white ink of a stranger's childhood. Among Patricia's photographs is one of herself surfing on a 20-foot wave at Makaha on Oahu. It is out of focus; it was taken from movie film. Moments later she went, as she says, laughing, down the tubes. Swimming to the surface she came, instead, to the bottom. A surfer paddling out found her.

The major destinations of Hawaii's outer or neighbor islands (the entire state, with the exception of Oahu), are scenic, and the tourists, jammed into limousines, are borne, like the crab, pell-mell to classic waterfalls, canyons and craters as though King Korn stamps were being given away at each. They are doing scenery; in Europe they would be doing churches or groping, footsore, through ill-lit museums.

Two of the most noble sights are Waimea Canyon on Kauai and Haleakala Crater on the island of Maui. Looking down at Waimea you can see the hosun birds that nest there, drifting like white moths or the souls of Homeric heroes. At the lookout are slow dragonflies the size

continued

of sparrows. Haleakala is brown, the color of cinders, and ultimately quiet save for the motors of movie cameras. At the summit are dandelions and bluebottles gadding about sandwich wrappers. There are African tulip trees on the road to Waimea. You can make water pistols out of the blossoms. The road to Haleakala winds upward through eucalyptus groves, cloud banks and volcanic rubble. Although it is often only wide enough for a single car there is a prudent white line down its center.

One day we drove from Wailuku to Hana on Maui. Maui was a Polynesian demigod who was raised by jellyfish, made the birds visible and died, betrayed by man's laughter, when he was striving to make him immortal. The road follows the coast and has many turnings. Along the way are pools fed by waterfalls. The pools are cold, but if you swim across them—a few strokes—and crouch under the falls, the water is unexpectedly hot. As it falls in thin sheets it is quickly heated by the sun. There usually are rainbows in the waterfalls, too.

I saw the mongoose by the side of the road, trotting the other way. It glanced back with dark, insolent eyes, as nervy as Kafka's jackal. Mongooses, of course, are not native to Hawaii but were imported to kill rats (there are no snakes in the islands) which slipped ashore on hawsers and multiplied. Many plants, animals and birds have been brought in, often, alas, without regard to ecology. I once saw eastern cardinals flying by the beach. It was like seeing pelicans in Jersey City. A signal date in the history of Maui is 1826. Mosquitoes were introduced from Mexico that year. They have thrived formidably, too.

Myna birds are commonly seen by the roadside, particularly in built-up areas. They are chiefly brown with big feet and thick yellow legs like old-fashioned soda straws. A restaurant in Kokee on Kauai had a myna bird from the Philippines that said aloha in 10 different voices and inflections. It didn't know what aloha meant, however. If you asked the bird its name, it would say aloha. If you said aloha, it would tell you its name. It also imitated passing automobiles and whistled cheekily.

Aloha, which means hello or goodby like the Italian *ciao*, is the most celebrated Hawaiian expression. Its only rival is "hello dere." Tony Kunimura, a Kauai politician, explained how this became part of the language. Many years ago, when Captain Cook's ships first appeared on the horizon—the Hawaiians thought they were white clouds—the natives ran down to the beach and shouted aloha. Captain Cook regarded them through his glass, then, taking up his megaphone, replied, "Hello dere!"

Late at night in certain places big toads, called *bufos*, regularly cross the road mile after mile in your headlights. I learned this only because Tony and I passed a long evening at a Japanese inn, eating *opihis* and *pipipi*, drinking coffee, and talking politics with visitors; it appeared to be the local salon or back room. *Opihis* are limpets and are eaten raw, sucked in a single, sharp inhalation out of the shell. *Pipipi* are like winkles. You boil up a whole mess of them and spear them with a straight pin, winkling them out of their twisted houses. There is a little shell door you have to flip off first. Eating *pipipi* is a compulsive act, like eating salted peanuts, and needs dexterity. (On a rocky point on Maui I have seen hermit crabs in old *pipipi* shells. The crabs have blue amazed eyes and black-and-white feet. There are several such promontories where waves wash over the disorderly rocks into shallow pools. They are violent when the seas rush in but are filled, nonetheless, with little sublime reef fish.)

It was quite late when we left the inn, and around Lihue on Kauai the place to go after hours is a Chinese restaurant with a sign hanging outside which says, "Wontun." Inside, you sit amidst fragrant steam at a wooden counter and eat huge bowls of wontun soup. Thus fortified (or purified) you drive home. Halfway to my hotel Tony sagged over the wheel, as if the last air had been let out of him: sort of giving up the ghost. He protested that he wanted to sleep by the side of the road. I took over and drove along the strange, winding, mild coast. It was then I noted the *bufos* hopping swiftly across the road at intervals, as though bound to a greater, ineluctable obedience. It was a benign spectacle and induced genial speculation, like a hot bath.

I saw them again when I went with Rick Fuller, a game area supervisor, to take a game bird census in Kekaha, also on Kauai. Much of Kekaha is a high, dry plateau; there is prickly pear up there. We struck out singly and, after walking for miles in the hot forenoon, compared notes. We had seen nine pheasants, 50 barred doves, seven chukars and a francolin. The *bufos* were by the water units Rick had built for the birds: green as jade, concealing princes.

Beyond my hotel, beneath the mountains where it is always raining, there is a beach on which feathery crabs run with great swiftness. They don't seem to touch the ground—indeed, to be bowled along by a private wind. At evening, when the crabs are in their holes, the people from the town where Tony lives cook spaghetti and octopuses on the beach. From the hotel window I could see their fires and the lights on the swinging masts of the boats moored in the bay distorted by the glass into dandelion seeds.

There is, providentially, no outdoor advertising in Hawaii but there are such signs: Do Not Trash Up The Road; Look Out For Falling Coconuts; Keep Out: Please No Pick, Bother Or Bust Up. Busting up is, apparently, a problem. On the island of Lanai, which is the world's largest privately-owned pineapple plantation, the Dole company erected picnic tables in a palm grove by the bathing beach. One night the tables were busted up. They were made of useful lumber. Dole replaced them and again they were busted up. Finally, the company set a small bronze plaque in the center of each new table. The tables are



there today. The plaques read: In Memory of those Lanai Veterans who Died for their Country.

Lanai is the scene of an important game management experiment: in 1959 pronghorn antelope were introduced from Montana. Before this, Lanai's big game consisted of feral goats, axis deer and mouflon sheep, all imported in one century or another. There are some 35 square miles of tableland, much of it bound by the silvery, green-and-red, fragrant geometry of the pineapple fields. Too open for deer and not suitable for mouflon, it is the habitat of an occasional ringneck pheasant and its antagonist, the wild cat. It is a desolate, silent plain of red earth, shrubs, stands of pine and pale grass, soft but so thickly matted one can lie on it and be buoyed above the ground. Here and there are apparently haphazard designs made out of small boulders. They are not, as has been suggested, the work of the Menehune, a lost and legendary tribe who were two feet tall, had distended bellies, worked only at night and capriciously turned one another into stone. The designs were, in fact, targets for bombers making practice runs. Lyman Nichols, who was resident wildlife biologist from 1957 to 1961, noted that the old bombing range was similar to pronghorn country on the mainland, and in December 1959, 38 pronghorn were released on Lanai.

The project had an eventful but melancholy beginning. "One factor was overlooked in the release," Nichols has written, ". . . the antelope had never seen salt water, and were used to large fresh-water lakes in which to quench their thirst. They took one look at the large, blue 'lake' several miles down slope from the release area, and headed directly for the Pacific Ocean! Unfortunately, they bypassed the water units placed in the release area. Some time during the first night following their release, they found their way through the heavy algarroba [mesquite] forest lining the coast and came out on the narrow sand beach between the forest and the sea.

"The next day, they were found wandering disconsolately up and down the narrow beach, searching vainly for drinking water, and unable to return to the cooler, open country above because of the solid forest which they refused to enter. A crew of volunteers was immediately rounded up, and the antelope, now suffering from lack of water, were herded up the beach to an open ridge that led to the higher rangeland and water units. During the drive, some of the animals became confused and took to the water, swimming out over the reef towards the open sea; however, the surf turned them, and they returned to shore with no losses. A few became lost in the trees and did not make it up the ridge with the main herd. Most of these were subsequently chased—or captured and carried—up to the open range of the release area, but at least two died on the beach, probably from the effects of drinking salt water.

"The majority regained the release area and found the water units. They remained there for a number of days

continued



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With all these virtues, it's amazing Yardley After-Shaving Lotion costs only $1 a bottle.

But it does.

Outer Islands *continued*

before commencing to wander. By January 20th, the known survivors had been reduced to 18. A number had died from the effects of having their eyeballs punctured by the thorns on the algarroba trees while they were at the beach, and others had wandered from the main herd and could not be found. Most of the 18 were suffering from scours [dysentery], probably brought on by the severe change in diet, and it is possible that some losses were caused by this."

The antelope have since prospered; the herd now numbers 52 and the government hopes to declare a season in a few years.

At present the most popular big game in Hawaii is feral pig and goat. The goats came ashore with the early captains, such as James Cook and George Vancouver, the first pigs traveled across the South Pacific with the Polynesians who settled Hawaii. A second lot came in with Cook. Their welfare was assured by the fact that the early Hawaiians considered dog an equally succulent dish. Although still similar in appearance to their domestic counterparts, the pigs and goats have undergone certain physical changes during several centuries in the wilderness, particularly in size, coat and length and shape of tusk and horn. Goats have attained a live weight of 120 pounds; their horns are as much as three inches in diameter and grow in various, and extraordinary, screws and directions. Pigs have been killed that weighed up to 300 pounds undressed and had tusks as broad as the goats' horns.

I went pig hunting on the island of Molokai. Brownie, Dobie, Shepherd, Roscoe and Snoopy—these were the dogs, all mongrels, all quite skinny, all middle-sized. Most of them probably have since been killed and replaced from the pound in Honolulu. Conrad Pa said don't be sentimental about pig dogs. Kick them, rather. Affection is intolerable, followed as it inevitably is by loss. Conrad Pa, the guide, came before dawn in his jeep, wearing a blue T shirt and football shoes. Conrad Pa

continued

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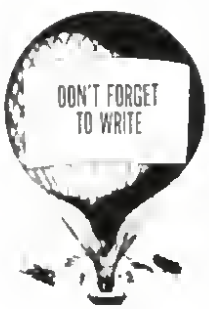
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Outer Islands *Continued*

is a marvelous name: better is Ernest Lin, who has the U-Drive concession at the Molokai airport.

I sat isolated in the back of the jeep as we rushed through the dark and cold wind, embracing Brownie. I gave him all my spendthrift love and abundant sorrow. He was later wounded, as was Shepherd, by the tusks. We passed Junior, Dickie, Norman. Conrad's companions, with their guns and barking dogs in another jeep. They roared out after us. It was as though we were going to a revolution. At one point the dogs burst from the jeeps, chasing a cow or a deer in a pasture in the dim light. High in the rain forest Conrad drove over the rutted track with one hand, leaning out of the jeep to look for signs of pig. Eventually he was satisfied and braked. The dogs slipped away and we followed them into a forest of ferns higher than one's head and thickly set. It began to rain. The dogs were running and the boys chased after them across the spongy brown bottom of the forest. We came at last to a gulch through which ran an iron-colored stream. The dogs were splashing about in it, unable to get up the steep stone bank on the other side. Junior hoisted himself halfway up by vines and footings and, grabbing the dogs first by the scruffs and then by their bottoms, boosted them up and over the top one by one. Then they all scrambled after and vanished, tumbling down clefts, fording secret streams to deliver—like Odysseus in the windy hollows of Parnassus—the pig. Celebrated by dogs, it crouched in the foul shade of its sanctuary—its breathing gross and ragged, its tusks bright.

Conrad and I went back to the jeep and, taking a different track, clinging to the pitching jeep, drove to a high rocky point. As we went we heard several shots far off. From the point we could see down to the heavily foliaged spines and gullies. Conrad fired a round from his carbine, was answered from somewhere in the wild, bounded off down a path in his cleats and disappeared. When he returned we piled into the jeep again and rode to another part of the forest, where we reentered. Conrad took a length of chain with him. He left me at a small

clearing and plunged down. Shepherd appeared quietly with fresh wounds on his belly and legs and lay down in the green, flickering light, sedulously licking. Two hours later the boys were laughing and swearing as they dragged the great, hairy black pig up by the chain. It had been cleaned, its entrails left where it had taken its final seat, back to cover as is its custom, there the dogs had clamped onto its hind legs and jaws, each to its duty, until Dickie, running first, walked up and rested the carbine like a wand or scepter on the heavy, suffering head.

Another day I went after goat on the Napali coast of Kauai. No roads go there, not even tracks. There are a few perilous trails. A primitive airstrip is laid out on one of the beaches—Miloli'i—but to all purposes most of the coastal valleys can only be reached by sea. Even then access is sometimes difficult. At Honopu Valley, for instance, you have to climb a rope fastened to a rock to get ashore.

We took the government launch, trolling three lines in a shower of flying fish. Kim, the mate, caught a five-pound pompano on 130-pound test, or palpably meat, line. The cliffs, or *pali*, are sheer, dark and forbidding, a Hadean landscape of old, pocked laval rock; goats regarded us along the skyline. Birds the color of the rock nest there. At places beneath the cliffs are narrow beaches of sand or shingle. Where there are no beaches the water is a luminous green, like certain jades or aquas, and you can look down and see the pale coral bottom. Here and there grass grows down the cliff face like waterfalls or there is a banana tree defiantly rooted high up. Between the ridges is a sequence of green valleys extending and broadening back to the mountains. There are many caves and grottoes at the base of the cliffs.

A hermit lives in one long, low cavern. Kim said he was once a celebrated pediatrician from the Virgin Islands or Philadelphia. We passed while he was having lunch, sitting naked at a table in his cave. When he saw us he got up and put on a T shirt and Bermuda shorts. He has been there for several years. They say he had a bad time of it the first winter. No one had a very good word for him. He was, it seems, not an entirely successful hermit; he bored the occasional fisherman with long recitations and wasn't beyond a bit of filching from hunters' camps.

We anchored off Miloli'i and waded to the beach, which was littered with cowrie shells. Gerry Swedberg, a game biologist, and I tramped up off the beach through chest-high brush into the sunny valley. Beneath the lantana were lizards, blue-tailed skinks, a mouse and stone ruins that, Gerry said, were the remains of a Hawaiian temple. Cabbage moths

continued



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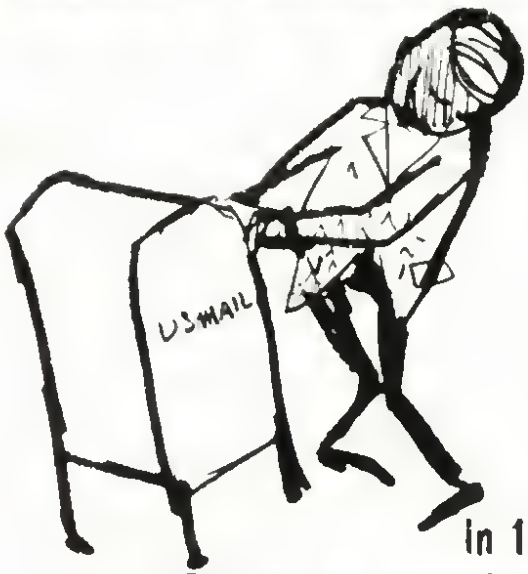
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fluttered about our knees. We heard goats baaing and then saw them moving high along the cliff, a herd of 17, black, brown, white, brown-and-black, white-and-black, turning their heads to look at us, jostling, butting each other; billies, nannies and kids, bounding and stumbling along a narrow trail. Gerry raised his .30-30 Winchester, Model 94, and sighted in on a fine black billy. I took the rifle from him and drew a bead, too; then handed it back. I told him not to shoot on my account. We had, I felt unalterably, already killed him, the range was only 100 yards. It would have been absurd to have pulled the trigger. Gerry had gotten permission to take a goat on



a weekday (in this area goats could be shot only on weekends) but according to the regulations we couldn't keep the meat (dried goat meat isn't at all bad) but would have had to throw the carcass in the ocean. We weren't allowed to keep a trophy head, either. It was just as profitable to goat-watch. Under our observation the goats became disturbed, perhaps even a little neurotic, because of the presence of the gun but the absence of noise, death and confusion. Perplexed and agitated, they finally filed up the cliff and out of sight.

It was very hot, and Gerry and I went down to a narrow fresh-water stream which runs through the valley and, lying on our stomachs, drank the cold, sweet water. A creamy young billy with luxuriant bangs and a stiff, bushy mane,

like an Athenian horse, came along a trail to within 10 yards of us. He bounded up on a boulder, turned to look again, shook his head up and down and wandered off. We left, too, crossing and recrossing the stream to the bank that gave the best footing. It was tricky going; Gerry fell in the stream once but kept his gun dry, holding it above his head like Excalibur. We followed the stream to the rocky coast where it flows deviously into the Pacific.

Kaunakakai, Molokai's main town, is a pale, dusty place, not unlike a frontier western village. Occasionally a stripteaser from Honolulu is advertised. When she doesn't show they put up a sign: Saturday Night For Sure. Pub-crawling in Kaunakakai is a gas: there are three places. First, the Seaside Inn, a commercial hotel by the stinking mud flats, palms growing in Wesson Oil tins on a terrace with iron chairs and tables. The bar is connected to the front desk and the same man apparently works both. When I was there the bartender-desk clerk was a guest pressed into service until he worked out his bills. Next you go to the Midnight Inn, which closes at 11 p.m. If you want a Martini you have to get up and make it yourself. Lastly, Kanemitsu's Bakery. This comprehensive establishment includes a bar, bowling alley, bakery, general store and rooms for let. At Kanemitsu's I was presented with a whole steamed mullet, garnished with Greek olives, to eat with my Scotch.

Kaunakakai is, to most purposes, rural Hawaii. What is presented to the tourist as Hawaii is a stage set for an operetta. The Coco Palms Hotel, on Kauai, is an example. "Coco Palms is fashioned largely from materials that are Island," one of its brochures reads. "Beauty, Warm Friendliness, Music, Native Dignity mixed with soft laughter, Love." Some of the Coco Palms' rooms are furnished with materials that are Island, sinks made of killer clam shells (any island, evidently; they are imported from the South Pacific), beds built like outrigger canoes, goatskin drums for night tables and toilet paper

continued

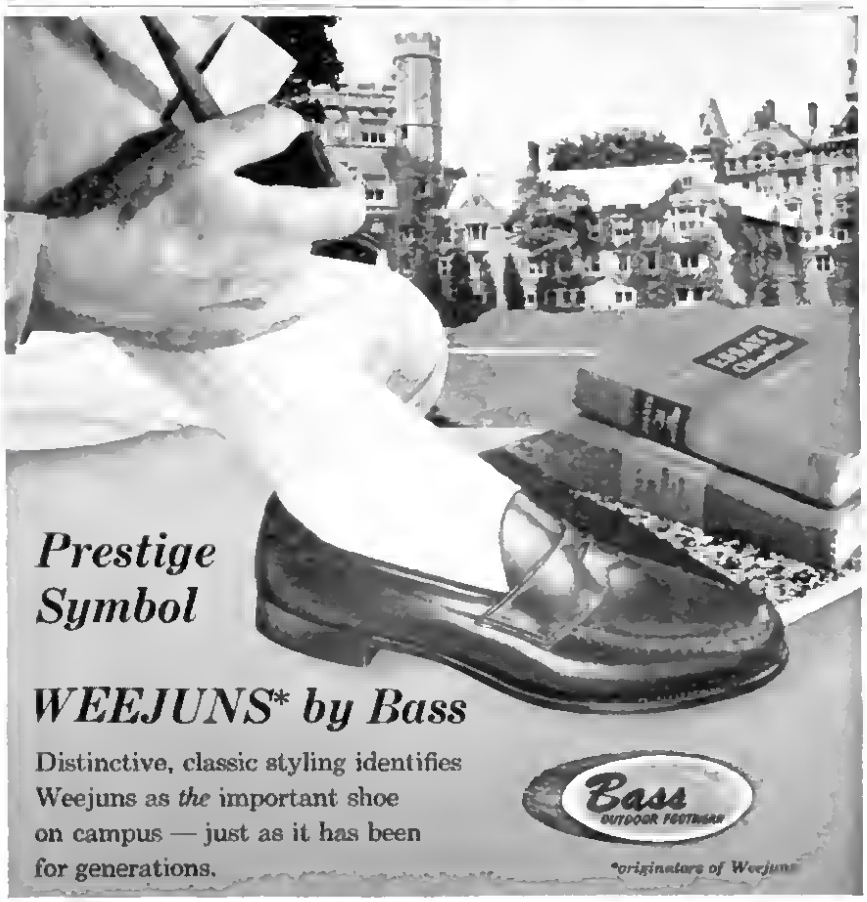
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Outer Islands

in three colors. Like several Hawaiian hotels, the Coco Palms has a torch-lighting ceremony. Summoned by a blast on a conch shell, beach boys in red shirts whiz about firing kerosene torches while, in sepulchral tones, an announcer recites Hawaiiana over the P A The Coco Palms' matchbook covers call it the Home of the Movies. Segments of five films were shot there, among them *Pagan Love Song* and *Naked Paradise*.

One morning we went to Lahaina on Maui where the whaling ships were once so numerous they say you could walk across their decks to Lanai, 8½ miles distant. In 1846, there were 596 whalers wintering in the roadstead. On

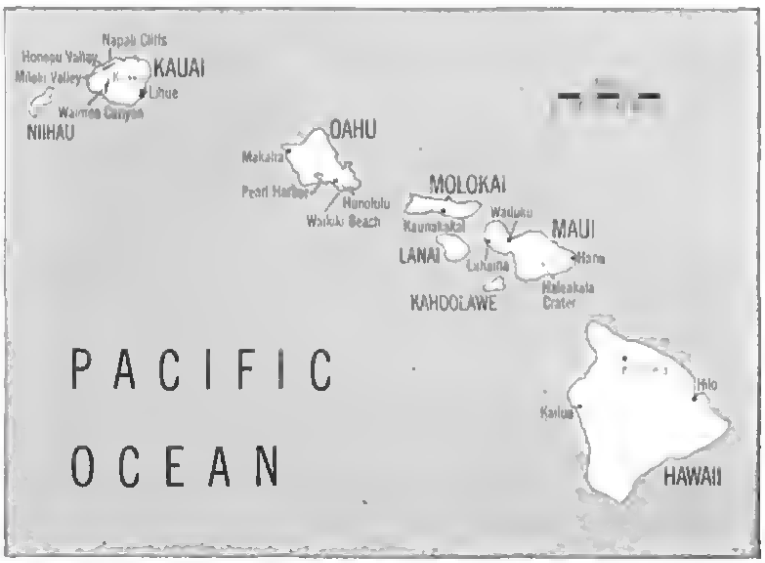
Island Travel Facts

GETTING THERE—For swift (five hours) comfort, take Pan Am, Northwest or United jets to Honolulu; for slower luxury (four and a half to five days), Matson or American President liners Two excellent airlines, Hawaiian and Aloha, with frequent daily flights, serve the outer islands Tip, when booking through a travel agent, avoid the too-fast package tour that trundles the unwary from island to island with less than a day to spend on each Rely on the Hawaii Visitors Bureau for island information

STAYING THERE: The outer islands offer nearly 1,500 hotel rooms, from the almost Spartan to the very plush, operated under American and European plans. The quality of the food ranges from good international hotel type to only fair Surprisingly little effort is made to offer seafood, Asian dishes or native specialties Charcoal-broiled steaks are the big favorite. The Big Island (Hawaii) has plenty of hotels to choose from The Naniloa, in Hilo, with 60 rooms, charges $30 a day per couple for a double room, American plan: $16, European plan Best deep-sea fishing in the islands is off the Kona coast of Hawaii. The Kona Inn, Kailua, has 144 rooms A double room, American plan, costs $30, European plan, $16 Northeast of Kailua, Laurance Rockefeller is building a luxury beach resort (similar to his Dorado in Puerto Rico), which will cover 2,000 acres of the famous Parker Ranch, have 200 rooms and a Robert Trent Jones golf course

On Kauai there are at least three first c ass hotels the Kauai Surf, Hanalei Plantation and Coco Palms, all by the sea The Kauai Surf is a brand-new, 10-story skyscraper at Kalapaki Beach It has 104 rooms A double, American plan, costs $34, European plan, $20 This is the hotel for extroverts it has the liveliest bar on the island The quieter Hanalei Plantation is one of the world's most beautiful resorts American plan only: $50–$55 for a double room The fashionable Coco Palms has 110 rooms A double room, American plan, costs from $34 to $50, European plan is from $21 to $38

Hawaii and Kauai get most of the tourists, and, as a result, most of the hotels on Maui



the way we stopped at a Japanese graveyard: a hot, dismal and barren patch of hard earth between two roads by the sea where we later watched suspicious children netting a kind of transparent crayfish among the rocks. Over many of the tombstones are little gallows from which hang Japanese lanterns, as pale and listless as abandoned snakeskins. Before one grave, dead flowers, shadows, pine

continued

and the other islands are smaller, simpler and usually cheaper. On Maui, up to now, there is only one really good hotel, the Hana-Maui. Rates begin at $45 a day for a double room, American plan, and there is a four-day minimum. The new Sheraton-Maui will open in December. The best bar on Maui is the Whaler's Grog Shoppe in the Pioneer Inn, Lahaina. Molokai has one delightful inn in the foothills, the Kalae Lodge, but it has only four rooms. A double room costs $14; meals on request. Mrs. Lilyan Yuen Anderson, the owner, will cook *da bun lu*, her Chinese specialty, if she is in the mood. Lanai is not generally considered a tourist spot, but it does have one inn, the Lanai, with 10 rooms and a restaurant.

HUNTING: An estimated 100,000 wild pigs inhabit the island ranges, about 20,000 are bagged annually. In addition to goat, mouflon sheep are hunted and about 2,000 are taken each year. Four hunting guide services are available on the Big Island. Slim Holt, Box 1425, Hilo, Lloyd Hing Lai, Box 248, Hawi, Henry Ota, Box 51, Holualoa; Kenneth Kohata, 284 Silva Street, Hilo. A two-day hunt costs about $90 per person. For bird hunters there are Chinese ringneck and Japanese blue pheasant, quail, dove, partridge and pigeon. Guns can be rented and an all-inclusive license costs $10. The state requires a guide to accompany parties hunting the 300,000 public acres. At present, it is best to confine hunting and fishing to the Big Island since guides are hard to come by elsewhere.

FISHING: Deep-sea fishing for marlin, yellowfin tuna, dolphin and barracuda is sensational. Fishing charter boats are available at Kailua and Hilo on Hawaii. No license is needed for salt-water fishing. The Division of Fish and Game, Department of Land and Natural Resources, Honolulu, has up-to-minute details on hunting and fishing and publishes a newsletter describing best fishing locations and conditions. Snorkeling and spearfishing are excellent in most outer island waters, since they are much less frequented than Oahu. The surfing—at Oahu the world's best—can be fine at the outer islands. Local people will cooperate with tips on best surfing, fishing and diving places.



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Outer Islands

needles in a jar of sand: no, they are punk sticks. Our Beloved Son Robert Masaichi Kiyonaga Nov. 14, 1929 (my birthdate!) March 20, 1930. Sawanotsuru the refined Japanese sake: a green bottle by an unmarked grave. Old fruit in saucers, peanuts on wax paper, stones, a pink-and-white cake, Wesson Oil tins, Planters Cocktail Peanuts cans, tumbled-over vases, remains of fires, Hills Brothers Coffee cans, stalks, seashells, cans wrapped in silver paper. Paper cups, with toy soldiers beating drums marching in a frieze around them, a shrunken orange, a boiled bamboo-sprout can full of sand, Kikkoman Shoyu Brewed In Noda Chibaken, Japan. Footprints of mourners—impressions of intricately designed soles in the dust; birds calling and the roar of the ocean beyond the road.

In Lahaina we found Ray following the shady side of the streets with a bag on. It was his big day of the week, the day he drove to Wailuku for the unemployment check. His wife surfs at dusk in the harbor, frightened of sting rays.

I sat by the seashore in a lean-to made of cardboard cartons and dried palm fronds. A windy afternoon on Molokai: at my front Keaweauni Pond, a fish pond, low stone walls advancing into the ocean. I am with Mr. Y. D. Yeng, an old Chinese in Bermuda shorts. He relates the history of the pond: unsolved murders and mysterious explosions. About our feet three nondescript dogs: Spot, Fido, Boysan. Spot's a mongoose dog, Fido a watchdog, Boysan has no talent. He is, Mr. Yeng says, the boss dog and, furthermore, points at butterflies. Samoan crabs with carapaces big as dinner plates wander in ambiguous transit on the bottom of Keaweauni Pond, recalling dark rooms, early delusions. Sea cucumbers down there, too, like irrelevant arms. Mr. Y. D. Yeng has traveled the world and recommends it. "I float," he tells me. "I float." Odd, repudiating currents bob us along, baffled and penitential, this shore or that. The implacable vision of Patricia in the surf at Makaha, for instance, or the antelope beyond the reef. **END**



Preparing Brown Trout in camp—Photo by Mark Shaw

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF



TURNABOUTS in new leagues were Colt .45s' Russ Kemmerer (ex-White Sox) and Twins' Frank Sullivan (ex-Phillie). Both won in relief.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Baseball is getting dull? Not the way they went at it in **Baltimore**'s Memorial Stadium, where there were 22,700 casualties from cannon and rifle fire. It was a pregame reenactment of the battle of Antietam. The North won on a home run in the ninth. A mystery "casualty" was Jackie Brandt, Oriole center fielder. He seemed so entranced by the flight of a ball to left center that he stood in awe as it flew past for a triple. His explanation: "I pulled a muscle standing in the outfield about two seconds before the ball was hit." Catcher Bob Tillman of **Boston** also stood up for what he thought to be right. It turned out to be wrong, for as he stood examining the stitches on a baseball a runner stole home. But three alert Red Sox pitchers, Gene Conley, Bill Monbouquette and Ike Delock, threw consecutive shutouts. During one six-game stretch **Kansas City** pitchers had a 1.50 ERA. For the next three games it rose a trifle, to 8.66. George Alusik homered in five straight games. **Washington** pitching during a five-game span left little to be desired by opposing batters, who got 53 hits and 37 runs. Rookie Jim Hannan, though, ran his relief streak to 14 appearances and 20⅓ innings without a run. And the Senators did manage to take over the league lead in one department—stolen bases. Conversely, **New York**, which was tied for the fewest steals (21) in the majors, was first in the standings. Second-place **Los Angeles** had only one homer, needed four pitchers in one inning, had to do without injured Pitchers Art Fowler and Ken McBride but still won six of eight. **Chicago** matched that, largely because of fine pitching by Eddie Fisher (he likes to imitate Donald Duck), Early Wynn (he prefers to emulate Walter Johnson) and Ray Herbert. Howie Koplitz of **Detroit** won twice and Rocky Colavito and Steve Boros each hit four homers. When the going got tough, Dick Stigman of **Minnesota** talked to himself, liked what he heard and beat the Yankees. Speaking out loud, General Manager Gabe Paul said of sixth-place **Cleveland**, "I've never seen a whole team collapse all at once like this." Help was coming, however. Enrique Hernandez, a 17-year-old pitcher from Cuba, invaded the U.S. in a 16-foot boat for a tryout with the Indians.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pittsburgh endured such troubles as a Forbes Field fire that delayed a game 27 minutes, another injury to Don Hoak (he has had the flu, an infected tooth, injuries to wrist, thumb and ribs and now his eyes) and 14 losses in 17 tries. **Milwaukee**'s Warren Spahn fell down the stairs a few hours before game time and banged his precious left elbow. Then he won his 321st game. What happened to John Callison of **Philadelphia** was tragicomic. After an all-out effort to knock down the right-field wall with his head, Callison, his nose bleeding profusely, was driven in a motorcycle to the safety of the dugout. Mel Roach made two errors, then had to look in the clubhouse icebox to find his glove. Dallas Green had started only four games all year, suddenly got the call twice in three days. Result: two losses and exile to the bullpen again. Charlie James of **St. Louis** was content to play only on Friday nights. He had a .488 BA in Friday night games, .290 for the season as a whole. **Cincinnati**'s Frank Robinson hit six homers on five different days. **Houston** shut out three times in a row by the Reds, did not score for 38 innings and lost seven of eight. Without George Altman's four homers **Chicago** would not have advanced to eighth. It was the saddest of weeks for **New York**'s Casey Stengel. His Mets were eliminated from the pennant race and, worst of all, Mrs. Stengel was hit, as one paper put it, "on her right jaw" by a broken bat. Don Drysdale (*see page 24*) of **Los Angeles** lost his fifth game and walked his first man in 53 innings. The week's most damaging "hit" was one by Willie Mays of **San Francisco**, which went six inches *behind* the plate. Mays, at bat after his foul tip on a third strike had been dropped, started a rally to beat the Dodgers. **END**

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	[Runs Scored	Teammates Batted in*	Total Runs Produced
Siebern, KC (.300)	79	66	145
Rollins, Minn (.308)	68	65	133
Robinson, Chi (.312)	63	68	131
Wagner, LA (.271)	75	51	126
Pearson, LA (.274)	90	33	123
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
T. Davis, LA (.345)	67	66	186
Robinson, Cin (.341)	65	70	165
Mays, SF (.308)	64	67	161
H. Aaron, Mil (.336)	63	67	160
Cepeda, SF (.317)	77	60	137

*Derived by subtracting HRs from RBIs.

Boxed statistics through Saturday, August 11

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

AUTO RACING—NATHAN OSTICH 52, became one of the only men who has ever walked away after a 311-mph automobile skid. The Los Angeles doctor calmly popped the parachute brake on his jet-powered racer when it threw a wheel across the Bonneville Salt Flats and rolled to a safe stop. The accident happened during his 13th trial run, forcing him to give up for a while, his attempt to break the 394.2 mph world land speed mark.

BOATING—AMERICA'S CUP TRIALS showed a surprising shift in personnel just before the deciding series of observation races at Newport. John J. (Don) McNamara, a helmsman and the articulate promoter of *Nefertiti*, was given the heave-ho, replaced by Bradley Noyes, an old sailing buddy of Commander Ted Hood. George O'Day, the 1960 Olympic champion, was relieved of his command on *Easterner* and Designer Ray Hunt took over. O'Day immediately appeared on board *Weatherly*, as did two sacked *Columbia* crewmen.

BOXING—GEORGE BENTON, struggling for a comeback in off hours from his regular factory job in Fairless Hills, Pa., was awarded a unanimous 10-round decision over Joey Giardello in Philadelphia after battering the NBA's No. 2-ranked middleweight nearly senseless.

FLORENTINO FERNANDEZ had little trouble with another comer-against, Portland, Ore.'s Phil Moyer, who once retired shortly after losing a crushing bout with Fernandez. The Cuban middleweight ended things with a TKO in the seventh round as nearly 10,000 turned out to watch Eugene's first professional fight in 15 years.

BRIDGE—PHILIP FELDESMAN, New York diamond man nicknamed The Arab by bridge associates, successfully defended two championships in the Summer Nationals in Minneapolis—the Men's Pair and the Life Masters Pair events (*see page 54*). His partner was Ira Ruhin of Fair Lawn, N.J. The Women's Pair title went to Mrs. Clarice Holt of Fort Worth and Mrs. Greeley Warner of Pampa, Texas. The Mixed Team Championship was won by Eric Murray of Toronto, Charles Coon of New York, Mrs. Agnes Gordon of Buffalo and Mrs. Helen Portugal of Los Angeles. The Masters Knockout Team event was taken by a team led by Edwin Kantar of Los Angeles.

GOLF—ARNOLD PALMER, ignoring a bee sting and his opposition, led all the way to win the $50,000 Firestone tournament in Akron, and boost his money winnings for one year to a record $80,198. In taking his eighth victory of 1962 Palmer broke his 1960 record high of $75,262. He was never in trouble, swinging to an easy five-stroke victory over Mason Rudolph, finishing with a 276, he said he had never putted so well.

HARNESS RACING—PORTERHOUSE ($32.40) turned on the steam in the $50,000 American Trotting Championship at Roosevelt Raceway, blazing through the final sixteenth of the mile-and-a-quarter distance to win with a world record time (for a half-mile track) of 2:32⅕. The victory, which earned an invitation to this week's glittering Roosevelt International, surprised an impressive field. Among those left behind by Porterhouse and Driver Earle Avery were Duke Rodnes, in second, and the highly-favored Su Mac Lad, fourth.

HORSE RACING—FIRM POLICY ($7.70) paid an unexpected dividend in the $57,000 Alabama Stakes at Saratoga, the historic race for 3-year-old fillies, by running down the favored Cicada in the stretch and finishing an easy length and three-quarters ahead of Lincoln Center. Cicada, who had set the pace for most of the muddy mile-and-a-quarter distance, faltered into third, 5½ lengths behind Lincoln Center, barely maintaining her record of always finishing in the money.

ROYAL PATRICE ($6) won her first big race, the $61,800 Pucker Up Stakes, at Arlington Park. The Harbor View Farm entry maneuvered smartly through the 10-horse field by Ismael Valenzuela, pounded ahead in the stretch to beat Darby Dan Farm's Polylady by a length.

HORSE SHOW—ITALY carried off the top prize of the Royal Dublin Society's Horse Show, the Aga Khan Trophy, by a mere point. The U.S. team, leading with a faultless first round, took a four-point penalty in the second when Sinjon, ridden by Captain Bill Steinkraus, barely nicked a water jump. But the 30,000 onlookers who disconsolately watched the Irish team slide into fourth place found a little to smile about. The Italians rode to victory on Irish-bred mounts.

SHOOTING—BARNEY HARTMAN, RCAF squadron leader, shot 550 times in the world skeet championships at St. Jansier, Que. and missed only four times to win the all-round title. He was wild on three targets in the demanding .410-gauge and one in the 20-gauge, but had perfect scores in both the 28- and 12-gauge events.

TOMMY G. POOL of Fort Benning, Ga., an Army captain with a disposition for exactness, was named the national small-bore rifle position champion at Camp Perry, Ohio, but only after he had politely asked officials for a recount. Apparently tied with Army 1st Lieut. Presley W. Kendall at 1,558 out of a possible 1,600 points, Pool emerged victorious when the relatively shrewd he had a slim three-point edge in the deciding offhand position test. Kendall won the prone title with 4,793 out of 4,800 points.

SOCCER—DUKLA OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA successfully defended its American Challenge Cup, which it won last year against America of Brazil, the recent winners of the International Soccer League title. The first of the two-game series ended with a 1-1 tie in Chicago. Then in New York's Downing Stadium the Dukla team, well-manned with six World Cup veterans, scored the deciding goal in the second half for a 2-1 victory.

SWIMMING—TOM STOCK, at 20, was one of the oldest of the flailing young men who smashed five world records and tied one in the AAU national outdoor championships in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio (*see page 59*). Stock, a junior at Indiana University, splashed through the 100-meter backstroke in 1:01 and the 200 in 2:10.9, then joined Chet Jastremski, Fred Schmidt and Peter Smitz for an assault on the 400-meter medley relay mark, which they lowered to 4:01.6. Seventeen-year-old Carl Robie churned through an early heat in the 200-meter butterfly in a gasping 2:12.4, said: "I can do better," and churned through the pool again in 2:10.8. Both broke the world mark. It was only after he had smashed the listed record for the 400-meter individual medley with a time of 4:51.5 that Ted Stickles announced he was headed for the hospital to have a splintered elbow repaired. Freestyler Don Schollander, 16, tied the 200-meter mark and Murray Rose, one of the old men at 23, proved he is not ready to be pensioned off just yet as he set two new American freestyle records: 4:17.2 for the 400 and 17:16.7 in the 1,500 meters. The Indianapolis AC brought home its seventh AAU championship, collecting a staggering 124-point total to runner-up Santa Clara's 35½. The visiting Japanese and West German teams got experience in the choppy Waterworks Pool, but little else.

TENNIS—FRED STOLLE, one of a swarm of Australians who collect U.S. titles, added another one with a three-set sweep (7–5, 6–2, 8–6) over Whitney Reed in the Southampton, N.Y. grass-court tournament. His unerring service completely undid Reed, the No. 1 U.S. player who has had trouble reaching even the semifinals of a tournament this year. In fact, Reed just squeezed by India's Jaidip Mukerjea in this one.

TRACK & FIELD—PYOTR BOLOTNIKOV, 32-year old Soviet distance runner who has run farther than most men ever walk, broke his own 10,000-meter world mark by 6 second at an all-Soviet meet in Moscow. His time was 28:18.2.

JIM REATTY, the Los Angeles loper now on tour in Scandinavia, got hot in the cool Norwegian summer to better his own American 1,500-meter record by .8 second, finishing in 3:39.4, in Oslo.

MILEPOSTS—DIED MAT MANN II, 77, for 28 years the widely-respected swimming coach at the University of Michigan. He molded one of the nation's top swimming powers there, collecting 16 Big Ten titles and 13 NCAA championships, before coaching eight years at Oklahoma, which never lost a Big Eight championship under his direction. He was the 1952 Olympic coach. He suffered a heart attack after a swim at his summer camp in Burks Falls, Ont.

DIED ARCHIE COMPSTON, 69, outspoken former British professional golf champion who taught such notables as the Duke of Windsor and whose big day of fame came in April 1928 when he beat Walter Hagen in Hertfordshire, England at a highly publicized $3,500 challenge match, in London.

DIED ROBERT L. (OINK) TEMPLETON, 65, track and field coach at Stanford University from his graduation there in 1921 until 1939, during which time he developed the all-out method of training that was condemned as too harsh then, but has since become standard technique, in Palo Alto, Calif.

DIED TED HUSING, 60, whose redolent voice and crackling vitality made sports events memorable for millions of radio listeners during the '30s and '40s when he was the country's foremost sports announcer, in Pasadena, Calif.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

14—Tomin Cassidy 18 Tony Triolo 25 Ned Heller 59—James Drake 61, 63—Art Shay 81—A.P. 82—A.P. (2) Minneapolis Star; Dick Cormier, Los Angeles Times.

FACES IN THE CROWD



GEORGE CUSICK, an automobile mechanic from Cambridge, Md., drove his 145-cu.-in. hydroplane, *Red Top*, to a world record speed of 64.332 mph over a five-mile course during his home town spowerboat regatta, upping the old mark, that he set himself last year, by .2.



KATHY BLAKE of La Jolla, Calif., a 15-year-old budding tennis star who has been working on her game since she was 11, lived up to her top seeding in the U.S. girls' 16-and-under tournament at Lake Bluff, Ill., without losing a set to win her first national title.



GENE HANSEN, 23, accomplished a unique feat by winning all three of his state's top tournaments for the second year in a row. While taking this year's Minnesota Open, Amateur and Public Links titles, Hansen played a total of 269 holes in 33 under par.



DIANE DIETRICH, 15, of Duncan, Okla. ignored the wind and waves that were upsetting her foes at the Dallas Open water-ski meet and made hardly an error while winning all three events in the junior women's division—the slalom, trick and jumping classes.



SCOTT ALLAN, 16, of San Marino, Calif., whose older brother Skip is already competing in international sailing events, collected a big trophy of his own. Tacking through a blinding rainstorm at Seattle, he won the Snipe class national junior championship.



DON CAVALLERO of Los Angeles bettered two national field-archery records during the Crystal Springs, Ark. championships. He broke both the field and hunters' round marks, scoring 1,054 and 1,041 respectively, to also finish first in the men's freestyle.

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

JUMPING WITH JOY

Sirs:

Congratulations for what must go down as the journalistic scoop of the year and a milestone in the improvement of Russo-American relations (*A Soviet Champion Tells His Own Story*, Aug. 6). Igor Ter-Ovanesyan's autobiography should certainly shatter the belief held by many Americans that Russians are some kind of ogres or medieval barbarians. As he told of his joy in jumping over puddles in the street as a boy I am immediately reminded of American boys, such as Willie Mays, who loved to play stickball in the streets. Change the name of the author and the geographical locations and one would think the article were written by any typical American athlete. Perhaps Igor's most significant statement was that he loves sport for its "creative power" and "independence." Great job.

DAVE HILL

Gridley, Ill.

Sirs:

Since the Russian objective is to take over the world and we therefore are at war with them mentally, I protest your article on Igor Ter-Ovanesyan. It is obviously a big part of the Soviet propaganda operation. The sentence, "We agreed that our people should always walk hand in hand," is typical.

RALPH WHITEFORD CARVER

Los Angeles

Sirs:

What a fine article by the Russian broad jumper, Ter-Ovanesyan. What a lovely spirit this boy has. So many people think that because the heads of other countries do not agree with our leaders and those of other allied countries, that their people are just as belligerent, just as arrogant, just as bull-headed as their leaders.

Ter-Ovanesyan, in writing this simple tale of his life, his efforts in sport, has done much to close the gap of understanding between our two countries.

From my own experience, returning from tours of Europe, I find my fellow Americans constantly asking, "What are the people over there really like?" suspecting they are different. Basically the *peoples* of other countries are the same everywhere. They like the same things, they love the same things and they dislike the same things.

FORTUNE GORDIEN

Altadena, Calif.

● Fortune Gordien, former world champion discus thrower (194 feet, 6 inches) and three-time Olympic competitor (1948, 1952 and 1956), has traveled extensively during his 20-some years of competition. In 1960, at 38, Gordien gamely tried out again but placed only seventh, behind Al Oerter, now world champion.—ED.

ON THE ALLAGASH

Sirs:

Re Duncan Barnes' *A Working Wilderness* (August 6), your magazine has rendered a great service to the nation by bringing the Allagash controversy to public attention.

As a camper I know that a summer canoe trip on the Allagash in the primeval wilds of northern Maine reminds one of what dawn on the day of creation must have looked like. This region has had a profound effect upon my whole life, and, undoubtedly, scores of others. Anyone who has ridden the white water of the Allagash country and tasted of its beauty knows that a valiant effort must be made to preserve it as much as possible, for this is as good a proving ground for good Americans as exists.

BRUCE W. REISMAN

Coconut Grove, Fla.

Sirs:

Speaking as one who has spent two weeks on the Allagash River, I feel that to destroy this sanctuary would be one of the worst crimes ever committed. My canoe trip of last summer taught me the invaluable lessons of self-sufficiency and dependence on others to do their share. Our mollycoddled youth would benefit greatly if more of this generation had the same opportunity I had. To dam up the St. John River would rob many adolescents of the type of pleasure that can be obtained in only a few remaining strongholds of our eastern wilderness.

BILL HUTCHINSON

Wyncote, Pa.

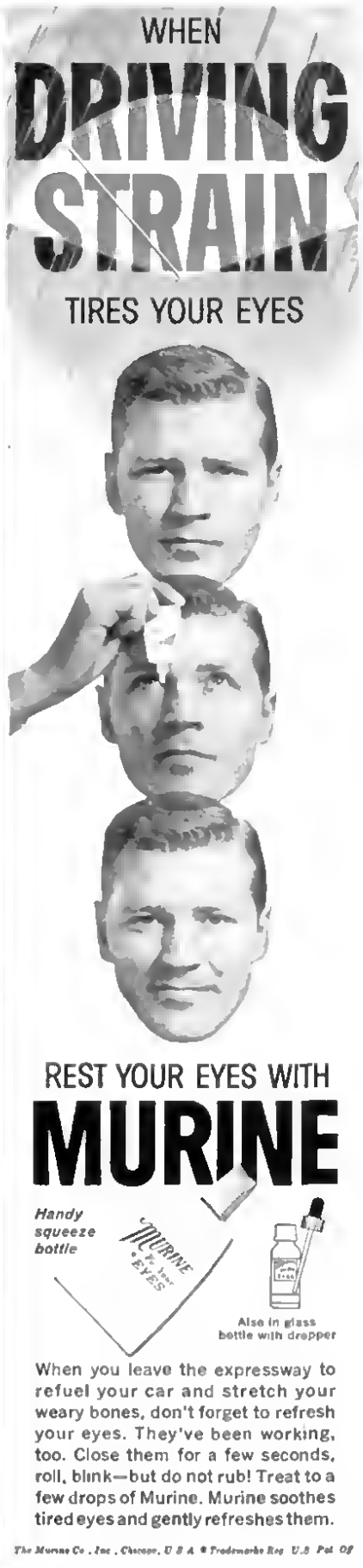
GUMMED-UP CUBS

Sirs:

Robert Boyle's story (*Off Year for the Chicago Orgs*, Aug. 6) omits the view of the people who care the most, the loyal though impatient Cub fans of Chicago. Every year we've been hearing how much good, young talent the Cubs have and how they're finally going to crack the first division. This young talent is there, but it is being wasted by an organization that is more interested in devising and maintaining innovations for baseball than in providing a winning team.

Phil Wrigley stubbornly insists on keeping his no-manager system, yet the players

continued



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Bowl-Mor

NEWTOWN ROAD, LITTLETON, MASSACHUSETTS

need a hard-driving dictator who is out to win at all costs, not a bunch of coaches who individually hope the "coach of the hour" will falter so one of them may take over. Wrigley is still against night baseball, which must be had to allow more fans to attend the games and inspire those young kids to victory. I say that Wrigley should sell the club to a practical, win-or-else-type owner, who devotes his time to the Cubs and not to selling chewing gum.

MIKE KROICHICK

Chicago

Sirs:

I believe that Mr. Wrigley's coaching system *is* working. Evidence of this is found in the boxed statistics of BASEBALL'S WEEK in this same issue. Of the 13 classifications in which you listed the top rookie in each league, the Cubs had the best in seven. Now what could have happened to those other nine teams, five of whom did not lead in any class, with just one manager? The coaching system is not a Maris or Mays, but it does help.

Maybe the whole problem is that Robert Boyle is just jealous because Ernie Banks did not give him a pack of Wrigley's gum.

BARRY KOLB

Louisville, Ky.

• Ernie Banks did give him a pack of Wrigley's gum—maybe the wrong flavor.—ED.

PICKING ON MANNY

Sirs:

In BASEBALL'S WEEK (Aug. 6) I read a very compact account of Kansas City Owner Charles O. Finley's biggest boner to date. It seems that Mr. Finley is dissatisfied with the sloppy performance of KC Rookie Manny Jimenez. (After all, he is only second in the AL in batting with 55 RBIs to boot.) To be precise, Finley doesn't think Jimenez hits enough homers. This is like saying Nelson Rockefeller isn't worth anything simply because he doesn't have many nickels. However, Mr. Finley is no fool; he has heard tales from the Big City of fans paying out tons of good money to see a few muscle-bound oafs pound baseballs into the next county. He would like a cut of that. But it is a shame he must pick on Manny. If he can't leave the managing to the manager he should trade Jimenez. I'm sure the other clubs would take him as is.

DAN WICKS

Northport, Ala.

Sirs:

It is obvious to those of only average intelligence that Jimenez is not a power hitter. He possesses one of the most sought-after skills in baseball: that of hitting the ball where it is pitched (which is conducive to a high batting average). Jimenez is one of the few bright spots on the Kansas City baseball scene.

Finley has expressed his desire to move the A's to the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Perhaps he should stop trying to stifle fan interest and attempt to build the ball club that the loyal fans of Kansas City deserve.

JAMES I. HUNTER

Omaha

PSEUDO GRUNTS

Sirs:

I would like to come to the defense of Daniel Ronald Hoffman's letter (19TH HOLE, July 23) which was blasted as "Debunked Debauchery" (19TH HOLE, Aug. 6). I am in complete agreement with Mr. Hoffman. Golf, fishing, bowling, baseball, sailing, etc. are nonathletic sports.

As an example of your "worship of pseudo-sports," I refer to your recent series of photographs captioned *Golf is a Violent Game* (July 23). You speak of golf as "an almost shocking display of brute force," as "strenuous," as "not-so-gentle activity," etc.

Golf is a pleasant and popular game enjoyed by millions of players and spectators. Yet not even the most avid golfers will tell you that the game is violent. Only SPORTS ILLUSTRATED could make such a statement. In doing so, you have lost all sense of perspective in not distinguishing between athletic and nonathletic sports.

This was exactly the sort of thing Mr. Hoffman referred to.

LESLIE LONGSHORE

Clemson, S.C.

Sirs:

I suggest that a special magazine be published for people like Mr. Hoffman. It would be aptly entitled *Grunt Illustrated* and would cover such classic athletic endeavors as gladiator fighting, pyramid building, stone throwing, ditch digging and professional wrestling (the biggest grunt of all).

The sports that Mr. Hoffman objects to require a little intelligence. Would this be where his trouble lies?

BARRY CRIST

Palatine, Ill.

OUT BY A FOOT

Sirs:

Several of us who watch major league baseball on television have noticed that often Vic Powers and other first basemen remove their feet from the base a fraction of a second before the ball arrives on a throw-out from the infield.

Isn't this against the rules?

CY LELAND JR.

Ruidoso, N.M.

• Technically, yes, but for safety's sake umpires permit it to avoid tripped runners and broken-legged first basemen. —ED.



How to Tell a Bull from a Bullfighter

Here is a handy guide for the would-be novelist planning to write about 'la fiesta brava'

by MAIA RODMAN

Drawings by Marc Simont

A large number of people will visit Spain or Mexico this year. Ninety-nine percent of them are expected to see at least part of a bullfight, and 83% of these are expected to write a novel about blood and sand.

For those who do plan to write a novel upon their return and who wish to dispense with tedious research into the subject of *la fiesta brava*, I am happy to offer a capsuled guide to this most interesting and romantic field.

For a would-be novelist, the preparations begin the day before the scheduled fight. On that day the purely physical preparation is limited to the purchase of a ticket, not to be confused with postcards of dubious nature but similar in size, sold by the natives to the unsuspecting.

The morning of the bullfight, if at all possible, should be bright and windless. (Too much wind will prevent many of the more modest ladies from attending, depriving the spectator-novelist of some of the color.) By all means, get up in the morning and shower briskly, if shower and water are available. Breakfast lightly and proceed on a short, stimulating but not overstrenuous tour of the town. Drink moderately or heavily, as is your custom. It is very important not to depart drastically from the accustomed way of life. But I would advise you to lunch lightly; some bullfighters dispense with food altogether in anticipation of goring. Should a totally unexpected sortie of the bull into the stands result in a spectator's unfortunate wounding, an empty stomach would be a help to the attending doctor.

Two hours before the start of the fight, a true aficionado, and all novelists, should induce an emotional feverishness. (This state in a neophyte bullfighter can easily be provoked by hypnosis, but this is not recommended for fledgling authors.) If, on the other hand, your nerves are too shaky, have a drink of cognac in each of the cafés on the way to the ring,

continued

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spacing your stops and timing your arrival to coincide with the sound of the practice trumpet.

Before entering the plaza, try to spot an obvious tourist and engage him in a heated argument. The following can easily be learned by heart and has the advantage of being applicable to all and any prebullfight conversations:

You (the aficionado or novelist). Do you call those bulls?

Tourist (or mere onlooker). Beg your pardon?

You. Those mangy, underfed, underweight *novillos*? Saw Aparicio at the age of 10 fight calves twice as big and kill with a lace handkerchief —

Tourist. I fail to

You. And I suppose you didn't see Belmonte with his second Pablo Romero at Puerto de Santa Maria on Aug. 5, 1926?

Tourist. No, I

You. There was a *faena*! You'll never see a series of *naturales* like that again. Not today, nor tomorrow, nor 100 years from now. They tell me he was never any good after that, but there was that afternoon in Barcelona in '27. They don't make bullfighters like that nowadays. And the bulls! (*Wave your hand dismissing the whole thing with the expression of utmost disgust.*) Vasquez had it, but he lost it.

Tourist. Lost what?

It is of greatest importance not to answer him. Look pained and walk away ambiguously. If the man follows and persists in knowing what it was that Vásquez lost, dismiss him with a sigh and a dramatic shake of your head. The crowd will be thick enough to lose him, even though he might be clinging to your elbow.

By now you should have arrived at the very gate of the *plaza de toros*, unless you have been standing in front of a football field, in which case it would be quite hopeless to try to get to the bullfight on time.

It is quite important, before going in, to let a tout try to sell you a ticket. The price he will quote you will bring your blood pressure to exactly the right pitch, since the doorman at your hotel already has taken you, and touts are usually 100%, cheaper. You should keep in mind that any outside stimulus is helpful in readying you for the emotional experience you are about to enjoy.

We shall stop here to remind the reader of the basic differences between a brave bull and an ordinary bull, and between a bull, brave or ordinary, and a bullfighter.

First, the bull:

1) He can be smaller or larger than his far-removed domesticated cousin.

2) He refutes the ignorant belief that red makes a bull mad. It is not so. *Everything* makes a bull mad.

3) He is more masculine; were he a smoker, he'd prefer Marlboros.

4) His I.Q. is unusually high, surpassing that of most bullfight spectators and some bullfighters.



5) Even when cowardly, he retains his name of a "brave bull."

A bullfighter differs from the bull in the following:

1) He is much smaller than the bull unless the *empresa* is saving money.

2) The sight of any color bull makes him mad.

3) Not all bullfighters are Marlboro-smoker types.

4) His I.Q. may or may not surpass that of the bull.

5) When he is cowardly, he is no longer called a bullfighter but goes by other names.

If you happen to be so shortsighted that you are unable to distinguish forms, even vaguely, the following is a description of a typical bullfight based on the sounds around you:

A sharp, gay note on the trumpet followed by whistles: the *toreros* have entered the ring.

A sharp, tragic note on the trumpet followed by muted sighs. Ava Gardner has made her entrance in an off-shoulder blouse and is proceeding to her shady *barrera* seat.

Hoofbeats: a man in a Philip II costume is riding up to the President's box. Whistles denote his failure to catch a key to the "gates of fear."

The sounds of a trumpet immediately followed by whistles or excited shouts: the former are a greeting to Jinx Falkenburg (without Tex); the latter announce the appearance of a bull, snatched away from the breast of his mother.

A yell from a thousand throats followed by a single gasp can mean many things; the gasp, however, could be something rather personal.

Another short blast on the trumpet: the picadors have arrived.

Shouts and whistles: they've changed their minds and are leaving.

A gurgling sound: someone is drinking from a wineskin held at arm's length.

An exclamation in Spanish sounding suspiciously like a curse: he spilled the red wine on his white shirt.

Another short blast on the trumpet: the horses have had it.

Silence: the *banderillas* have all missed.

Olés: the bull is finally going for the passes.

Whistles: the bull is not going for the passes, or the matador does not wish to make passes, or American sailors are.

A gurgling sound: obviously the man is a compulsive alcoholic.

The trumpet again: the bullfighter has wasted too much time mopping his brow and is advised to cease.

Another trumpet: the matador is now wiping his neck.

Another one: the hapless *torero* is surrendered to the protection of the bribed policemen, and the bull is led out of the arena.

A great many noises of all sorts: everyone is displeased, and Ava is leaving.

When you hear no more noises, the *plaza* has been emptied, and it is time to go to the hotel and begin the novel. **END**

Leonard Macy selects Greenwood's Sand Hill Poplin for these beltless Ivy slacks. Why Greenwood? Because Leonard Macy knows that back of every yard of Greenwood fabric is that dedication to the finest quality...the best performance. Sand Hill Poplin is perfect for slacks, styled for dress, built for active sportswear, mercerized, wash-wear, pre-shrunk, of 65% Dacron, DuPont's polyester, and 35% cotton...and it always adds up to 100% Greenwood quality. GREENWOOD

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(continued from front flap of this insert)



More than with any other magazine, our readers are at one with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED — "emotional involvement" is a term we've been using about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and its readers for a long time, and that's why it was so sweet on the lips of Gail Smith at Hershey. Nobody is neutral about sport. "Here," we once repeated in a promotion campaign, "is one bunch that takes sides!"

Just as our families participate in sport, they participate in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, because they participate in a strong and central trend of the times . . . a way of life, born after the war, of more discretionary time and money, of a higher standard of living, of the move to the suburbs, of the phenomenal upsurge in sports and recreation.



But SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has done more than seize upon this powerful force in American society — it has contributed to this way of life, nourished it, made it an integral part of the magazine's editorial theme.

It is against such a background and in such a setting that you place your message when you advertise in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

For SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's advertisers, the magazine — as an editorial influence — is a master key which unlocks the door to the most dynamic market in America.

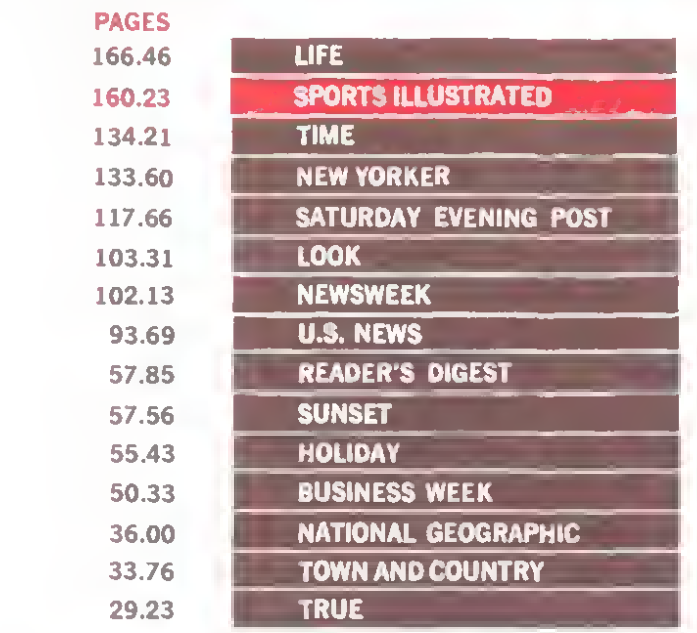
So we couldn't agree more with Gail Smith when he speaks of the "emotional involvement" of a medium that has the right climate.

And we're in total accord with him when he says, "when we begin to recognize the prospective customer as an individual and abandon the mass approach and the 'average man myth,' then communication will have come of age."

The smart people in Detroit, for instance, have recognized how markets have changed, and have turned to those magazines which are best serving their changing markets.

So it is gratifying for me to be able to tell you that in total pages of passenger car advertising for the first six months of 1962 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was 2nd only to LIFE (and by only 6 pages) and 26 pages ahead of its nearest competitor.

PASSENGER CAR ADVERTISING — JANUARY THROUGH JUNE 1962



Item ◆ (from **Business In Brief**, published by the Economic Research Department of the Chase Manhattan Bank) "The number of multi car families continues to grow. The rapidly expanding teenage population is now adding force to this trend. Latest statistics show almost 14% of all families owning more than one car, compared to fewer than 9% in 1954."

Item ◆ (from **Advertising Age**, July 30th) "Auto Marketers See Youth as 'Go' Group." "The auto makers realize that a customer caught in his early driving years could well be a customer for life. Public relations departments are locked in high level, subtle competition for the loyalties and future dollars of the nation's teenagers."

Item ◆ (in conclusion from L. L. C. Jr.) SPORTS ILLUSTRATED not only delivers more adult male readers per copy than any other weekly magazine, but also more teen age readers. **49.9% of SI families** (which is pretty close to half) **own two or more cars.**

Not only has the automotive industry recognized in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED a key to a new way of marketing automobiles, but it has also modified its own products to meet the changed attitudes of their total market (attitudes they find personified in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED families): Of 400 passenger car models now being produced, 90 are equipped with bucket seats — and if the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED audience isn't leading the bucket seat brigade, who is? (That's what I call designing for the individual, rather than the mass.)

So if you'd like to sell your products to modern families who have buckets of money and are barrels of fun, get yourself financially involved with those wonderfully active people who are emotionally involved with the wonderful world of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

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Pete Calloway





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KAYNEE® *boys' shirts. Blends of 50% Kodel polyester, 50% cotton. White dress shirt, age sizes, 6-14, neck sizes 13-15. $3.98. Sport shirt, with wide range of colors, sizes 8-20. $5.98. Kodel is the trade mark for Eastman polyester fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or garments shown here.*

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